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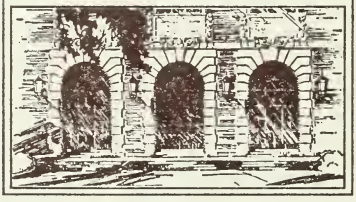

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CHAPTER I.

DEDICATORY, INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

TO MY FELLOW COUNTRY-WOMEN,

I dedicate this book to you, in the hope that you may be able to induce the so-called "superior" sex to spare some time, from the absorbing topics of golf, football and cricket, for the consideration of the ideas it endeavours to focus.

I believe that your sex has a great task before it, on the success of which hangs no less an issue than the salvation of the Empire. This task is to advocate, against all contending claims, that morality which is so painfully deficient in the politics of the present day. This, surely, must be the real basis of conviction in the minds of those who support Female Suffrage.

Among those who think they have a message to give to their countrymen, some are, like myself, rank outsiders; others have an acknowledged position, which is sufficiently strong to guard them against the severe handling which the outsider must face. But the idea of the "message" is, nevertheless, put down as hallucination—the one subject on which the sanest mind is off the balance.

The insanity which refuses to bow to the opinions of the majority is of course, of the worst type!

All that we can do is to "screw our courage to the sticking place," resolutely to "face the music," and perhaps to murmur to ourselves:—

"They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than to basely shrink
From the truth they needs must think
They are slaves who will not be
In the right with two or three."

But surely we ought to be able to claim from you that

ready sympathy in which you so conspicuously shine, in our endeavours to give our message, and to fight as well as we are able against being hustled aside, or laughed out of our purpose, or crushed by contempt, or any other form of antagonism.

Even if we should be tempted to undue warmth when charged with want of patriotism for exposing the faults of our country, we should be safe from misunderstanding by a sex whose glory it is to be, in more than one sense of the word, "Fair."

It is so difficult to avoid turning on our critics and saying—We love our country with a passionate devotion, compared to which your feelings are but "Moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine;" we cannot—dare not—keep silence while our country seems inclined to barter her glorious birth-right of National honor for the miserable mess of pottage which is all that expediency has to offer, while one unredressed wrong remains to sully the sacred name of Britain. The doubtful one in the camp, the real enemy is he who glosses over national failings and tries to minimise them.

I must now ask your kind attention to the general purpose and plan of my brochure—for it can scarcely be called a tale.

In the shortest form of words, it may be said that the purpose is to show how emphatically human nature—even Anglo-Saxon human nature—needs control.

On the soil of Britain, public opinion and a Free Press (powers not always wisely exercised, it must be confessed) supply this control: it will be intensified, and its power for good multiplied indefinitely, when the British public ceases to be in earnest only over trifles, and learns to take an intelligent interest in the great Empire bequeathed to it, by the self-sacrifice of its noblest sons.

Though Britain, like the rest of the world, must ever lag behind the giant strides of her great men, every one can do something towards the desired end.

Every one can learn to appreciate the best part of human

nature, the intellectual, the spiritual, the ideal, and teach it to grow: this is practically to bear a part in the great controlling agency. The mischief takes place where this wholesome control is absent.

The human mind is naturally prone to illusion and bias, principally from prejudice and selfishness of all kinds, national, class, party, family or individual selfishness.

If left to itself, the mind has a tendency to invert and depart from the principles on which it began, and to end by losing them altogether.

This nearly always happens when one individual, or a corporate body, is either impervious to outside criticism, or in a position to ignore or stifle it.

Truth is, so to speak, a polygonal body, and one mind can only see one face of it; if, therefore, the individual mind persistently refuses to admit the influence of other minds, it is almost certain to end in losing truth altogether, and believing a lie.

Applying these principles to administration, it follows that when it is carried on by a single minister, or a small bureaucratic group, not subject to any controlling agency, trouble is certain to ensue.

I have also endeavoured to draw attention to the danger which threatens the Empire, from the immorality and self-seeking, gradually invading every department of National life.

No one, writing on these lines, could fail to point out similar warnings of decadence, supplied by the ever-growing luxury and indolence of the age. One conspicuous instance of this, impatience of exertion and consequent loss of marching power, must sooner or later seriously impair our military efficiency.

I have even ventured to suggest to your sex the necessity of keeping up your influence for good, by inflexible adherence to a lofty standard. Set your face resolutely against every attempt to "Cheapen Paradise." In literature, in art, on the stage, the mimic stage of the dramatist or the larger one of real life, let nothing be countenanced likely to bring woman

down to a lower level. Even in so small a matter as advertisements which sin against good taste (to put the case mildly!) there is a field for this crusading energy.

But these are side issues to the main contention, and I return to my political objects. I have chosen India to illustrate the necessity of a controlling agency to even the most benevolent and high-minded administration. This is the part of the empire about which I know the most, and its administration is considered by many critics to be the one which most conspicuously coddles itself (so to speak,) and most persistently excludes the bracing air of criticism, from the closed apartment in which it works. I value criticism and I would plead for it, as I would for fresh air, and consider that its absence produces just as morbid and dangerous a condition in the body politic, as bad air does in a human body. The difficulty is to combine discipline, and that respect for authority which all administration postulates, with a readiness to welcome outside criticism. In a country like India the difficulty reaches a maximum, because you have to cultivate respect for the views of a criticising agency which has in many cases to be over-ruled. For a long time to come the body representing popular feeling must remain in a minority in our Councils. To yield to the popular voice, only to the extent which is right and wise, demands an apparently impossible combination of opposites. My object is to show that this is not an unrealisable ideal, though it may be a high one.

In the following pages the absence of this ideal state of things in India is portrayed as leading to a cataclysm. Fear of such a *dénouement* may lead to a charge of pessimism, but it must surely be useful to follow out every possibility of the situation. To produce the cataclysm I have had to invent contingencies which will be stigmatised as chimerical. In fact, I never realised how enormously strong the British Empire in India is, until I attempted, for the purpose of my tale, to upset it! It requires no less than two powerful outside enemies in combination (in my dream Russia and Ger-

many), and an internal organisation which utilises all the disaffected and dangerous elements within the country itself. The Russian invasion which I have sketched, doubtless with amateur contempt for military exigencies and probability, is believed by many to be possible in spite of a friendly Afghanistan. The idea of the Police forming a political organisation, and arranging the internal details of a Russian invasion is of course chimerical, but it may serve to point the moral that unless this Force (which is the only indigenous one left in the country) is controlled and brought into line with our benevolent efforts, it may yet give serious trouble. It is so foolish to allow it to create an *Imperium in imperio*, as is now being done. How easily such a state of things may supervene under a government not in touch with the people is revealed by the success of the Revolutionary Committees in Macedonia.

I am aware that one serious exception will be taken to the whole story. It will be said that it suggests to the natives of India the use of force to expel us from the country, and re-establish their own anarchical administration. I cannot help thinking that such a criticism would show the absolute ignorance of the critic of things Indian. Knowing how enormously difficult it is for any European to gauge the currents of popular feeling in an Asiatic country, I do not wish to dogmatise, but I do think it is very generally admitted that these disloyal ideas were alarmingly prevalent in India, just before the Indian National Congress was started. In your contempt for, or antagonism to, this movement, do not forget that it claims to have diverted to the safe lines of Constitutional Agitation elements of disaffection and discontent which were rapidly becoming dangerous. If this claim is sound, the debt owed to the organisers and supporters of this movement is immeasurable. We must not, of course, forget our obligations to those who have labored on the other side, to prevent injury to the interest of important minorities of the Indian community.

As a matter of fact, the idea of change in Indian adminis-

tration, brought about by forcible means, requires no suggestion from outside, and is constantly presenting itself to every patriotic Indian. But the Indian patriot invariably rejects the idea, as absolutely out of the question; all his efforts are directed towards bringing about a state of things in which such wild notions can no longer appeal to the unreasoning masses.

The only danger is where these things are suppressed with an awed hush! and not dragged out to the light of day. This is where the enormous strength of the situation lies for us, in that the more these ideas are followed out to their legitimate conclusion, the more impossible they appear. I have imagined every circumstance that could possibly favor the upsetting of British rule, and then pictured India as longing to get it back again. And this is exactly what I firmly believe would happen. None of the educated natives of India desire violent change; everyone is gradually coming round to the belief that the only hope for his country lies in the continuance of her connection with Great Britain. There are only two other possibilities, anarchy or the deathknell of Indian progress under Russia. Anarchy would never last, so that it must be England, Enlightenment and Education, or Russia, Revolution and Retrogression! Even the uneducated masses would soon long for our rule to be restored, when they had realised the immense inferiority of any possible substitute.

But we must attach the people more to our rule, by a readiness to grant their reasonable demands. Let us have no more of the ostrich-like habit of burying our heads in the sands of self-congratulatory platitude, and trying to ignore disagreeable possibilities. The most serious of these possibilities is that the uneducated masses may try to antedate progress, by an attempt to gain by force, what they think comes too slowly by natural evolution. In combating these childish notions we ought to have the co-operation of the educated classes more than we do have it now. They ought to realise that we mean no disrespect to their patriotism,

or want of sympathy with their aims, when we say that they must accept things as they are, and see that political changes must come very very slowly, far too slowly oftentimes for our eager spirits to keep up their hopefulness Above all things let us fight against any disposition to despair, and do what we can to gain the necessary " backing of instructed public opinion," for any reforms which may seem urgent and practicable.

We have to fight against an apathy in the British Public, not only in reference to Indian, but to all Imperial concerns, which is really appalling. The Britisher goes to a public meeting, where scandals, which are a disgrace to humanity, civilisation and religion, are revealed to him. He admits that it is all very shocking and that matters must be attended to : then he goes home and has forgotten all about it by breakfast time on the following morning ! Conduct like this gives occasion to our enemies to blaspheme, and say, with too much justice, that absorbed in sport and " Parish business," we cannot hear the rumblings of the distant storms which threaten the Empire.

I must now briefly indicate the particular direction in which the necessity for reform is intended to be emphasised by what follows. Our rule in India, excellent as, on the whole, it is, does not afford sufficient scope for political education. Whether the Indian people will ever be fitted for self-government or no, it is our bounden duty to attempt to train them for it. Even should this great object never be obtained, efforts towards it are nevertheless demanded by the conditions of honesty and efficiency in our government. Let us see if we cannot reach the same result in this way. The ideal constitution for India seems to me to be one in which decentralisation is carried down to the utmost limit, permitted by the resources of the country. You cannot have an " Administrator " in every village : well then have one in the smallest possible group of villages. I have surmised that such a group would consist of 5,000 or 6,000 villages.

Of course, this is only a suggestion, and practical work-

ing on such lines might not stand the test of experience. Cynics tell us that the only way to get things done is to set up somebody to do them wrong, and be abused for his mistakes!

Similarly here, a theory of Indian Administration, demolished and proved to be unpractical, may lead to one which will really work well. Decentralisation has to be supplemented by a practically "free hand" for the Administrator, who, nevertheless, must have some influence to control him and keep him in the right path. Some guarantee against that error, which is the *damnosa hereditas* of poor human nature, would be afforded by the choice of a man whom the people trusted, and wished to be set over them. Such a man would be any of their Native Princes, or any well-born Englishman. The Native Prince wants the control of a strong but sympathetic Political Agent. The Englishman wants the control of public opinion and a Free Press, and without these influences he must work with and through the people, allowing his views to be colored and modified by what he learns from them. If, then, you cannot get the right man for Political Agent in sufficient quantity, and fear, therefore, to extend the Native States, you must make your European Administrator enlist indigenous help, or he also will go wrong. He will be swayed, through unconscious cerebration, by influences which, with the best intentions, he cannot detect. If he consults the people, he will be always pulled up when tempted to subordinate their interests to any other consideration.

I have been obliged to sketch an imaginary constitution for India, and I could only do it on these lines.

My "District Counsellors" will, of course, afford a target for the ridicule of the knowing ones, but ridicule is not always a proof of wisdom. I wonder whether they will say that control is unnecessary, or that it could be obtained in some other way!

I do not pin my faith, however, to any one item of the imaginary constitution, and only mean to indicate the general lines which reform ought to follow.

It only remains, now, to indicate the general plan of the succeeding chapters. My hero's brief love story will be first carried up to its final *dénouement*, only those facts necessary to display and develop the characters introduced being recorded. The stage will then be cleared for the monologue of my heroine, who will be mostly left to tell her story in her own words. This will be supplemented by similar letters from the pen of that person of the opposite sex whose chance meeting with her, in a London drawing-room, was the great turning point in her life. He writes to his greatest school and college friend, Legal Member of the Viceregal Council, and she to her female friend and confidante, who had been obliged by adverse circumstances to take up the position of governess to a Greek family in Athens.

The political part of the story will then be briefly sketched, together with the remainder of the life stories of both hero and heroine. Some chapters are marked for omission by those who care only for the tale. But it is earnestly hoped that all interested in India will at least read the chapter in which a District Magistrate addresses the Elders of an Indian village.

I have cut down the political portion of the book as much as possible, but am quite prepared for it being called a jumble of pseudo-erudite essays, threaded on a slender string of impossible events.

My only reply can be that one should write as one feels, or be silent altogether. If the following pages are too defiant of public opinion, it must be admitted that a great deal of modern literature, and indeed mental effort of every kind is emasculated by excessive deference to this gigantic force. But then one must expect severe handling—probably the most trying of all—merely destructive criticism. I am quite prepared for such adjectives as sentimental, unpractical, utopian, visionary, illusory, impossible, and to be reproached for allowing my muse to "rage furiously, and imagine a vain thing!"

I freely admit that I use my *dramatis personæ*, with un-

blushing effrontery, as mere mouthpieces of the ideas which I am trying to ventilate. If there is anything in the ideas, a limited section of the public will excuse me: I wanted the story as a channel of communication for them. The flow of events is often interrupted by "tirades:" but (to compare small things with great) one can plead the example of Mr. George Meredith, in trying to stimulate the appetite for narrative by withholding it. Just so, in music, a "dissonance by suspension" creates a longing in the ear for the consonance which is to follow.

CHAPTER II.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A GOSPEL OF HOPE.

The evening sun was shining through the chancel windows of a small, but elegant, little church in the County of Somerset.

The fane, where the good people of Featherstone were accustomed to pass the "Service" hours of the weekly day of rest, was one of those interesting buildings to be found so often in obscure English parishes. It was in the "Perpendicular" style, a kind of architecture usually associated with the decadence of the building art in England, but still far better, in the opinion of many, than any other which has succeeded it. It is, indeed, difficult to comprehend how anyone can withhold the meed of praise from the many beautiful churches we have in England in this style. Take Gloucester: who that has studied with attention that exquisite poem in stone, would not exclaim, "If this be decadence, then decadence let it be!" or it might perhaps be said that, as the beauty is to be found chiefly in the roofs, it shows that the art, unwilling to stay longer on the sordid earth, was lingering there on its way back to Heaven! Of course, not the wonders of "Fan tracery Vaulting," nor the other beauties of English "Third pointed," worked out by the old monks in those Cathedral cloisters, were to be found in the building we are describing, but it was still beautiful enough to be a place where music would not run the risk of losing a portion of its sweetness, or great thoughts of their nobility, owing to incongruity of surroundings.

The summer sunlight streamed full on the face of the occupant of the pulpit, as he stood waiting for the choir,

which, poor though it might be thought, still showed traces of his careful training, to finish the pre-sermon hymn. The choristers were singing one of those wonderful modern contributions to the musical literature of the Church, which, in a simple garb, seem to contain a germ of the highest Art, and to speak straight to the soul of the hearer.

Defective as the execution could hardly fail to be, it was not so much so as to obscure the beauty of the composition, and the face we are contemplating was visibly affected by it. The lines which care and sorrow had traced upon the countenance of the Vicar of Featherstone were so softened as almost to lose themselves in the radiant expression called up by the music. The whole face seemed to answer, so to speak, to the kind of trumpet-call, which such strains are to those who have a ear for them. It spoke of the final conquest of Evil by Good, a smile, as it were of triumph, through the tears of sorrow for the Evil itself. It ceased, and the Preacher began his discourse. The Congregation he had to address was leavened by a far larger number of cultured persons than are usually to be found in county Churches. The neighbourhood was largely frequented by the Aristocracy, and among them were a good sprinkling of the best kind—the Aristocracy of intellect. Mr. Helmore's Church was a favorite object for a Sunday evening walk, and so, little by little, he had taken to preaching sermons more in keeping with a London pulpit than a rural one. This evening the subject was political, and, as if in response, the congregation numbered more than one Member of Parliament. The Preacher drew a striking picture of the past and present position of England in the European States-System. He spoke of her as the Educator of the Nations in Commerce, in Literature, in War, in the Science of Government, in the foundation of Empire. And then he drew a parallel between her and any individual teacher among men. He showed that just as the individual teacher would, if he performed his duties faithfully, usually have to learn to see himself eclip-

sed by his pupils, so our own country must accept a similar position among the nations. He dwelt on the evils wrought by national selfishness, the commercial spirit, and the contempt of each section of English Society for the other—the whole body pouring their united venom upon the foreigner. He showed how these vices indeed threatened the very existence of his beloved Country. He maintained that the proper attitude for the Nation to take up was one of actual delight at seeing the lessons she had taught being gradually learnt by the world, of rejoicing in the prosperity of her neighbours, and binding them to her by ties other than those of superiority, or at least by moral superiority only. Though the greatest proof of a lofty nature is furnished by the ability to take a subordinate position gracefully, there is legitimate consolation in the thought that the old nation, as well as the old teacher, must always surpass the young in experience, and the true philosophy of life. The preacher pointed out what failure to rise to this conception of her position had cost England in the past, but how much of possibility of rehabilitation still remained, how it was still practicable for English-speaking nations to be bound together in one great federation, and to lead the world to a glorious future of peace, material prosperity and good-will towards men. He then pointed out how the whole subject was only a particular instance of the great law of self-sacrifice, applicable as well to communities, as to individuals, of which the canon is "He that loveth his life shall lose it." He then proceeded to show that the belief, necessary for perfect compliance with this canon, is just the opposite of that usually entertained by the world. Principle and expediency—your own interests and that of your neighbour—are not antagonistic but identical.

In conclusion, the preacher painted in forcible language the old melancholy contrast between the bright ideal presented to the mind by hope, and the too-often dreary and barren waste of reality. The last purple rays of the setting

sun illumined the church in a dying blaze of glory, which seemed to give additional emphasis to the glowing periods forming the peroration to the address. The whole congregation seemed to hang in rapt attention on the preacher's words, as he implored his hearers to learn the great lesson of all human life, to accept the paradox that the things which men count valuable are but dross, that nothing is real but the ideal, nothing tangible but the things which lie outside the realms of sense, that, in short, all our standards of judgment require revision. Further, that doubt and difficulty, danger, disappointment, distress, disillusion, failure, poverty, want of appreciation, and all the various forms of evil that men dread, are only particular forms of the one great principle of death. If we do not go so far as to say that death is only its opposite in masquerade dress, and that these things should be courted instead of dreaded, we can at all events say that it matters nothing what circumstances you are to meet, but only how you are to meet them; that nothing can be a calamity to those who say and believe such things. They do, indeed, "declare plainly that they seek a country"—a strange but beautiful land, where the maxims of the world are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Mr. Helmore finally besought his hearers to go back to the work-a-day world "with the glimmering of a new lesson in their hearts," the determination to "adore what they had burnt, and burn what they had adored." Never again to flinch from an obstacle, but to congratulate themselves on the opportunity each difficulty presented of strengthening and bracing the character, by overcoming it: the more the individual felt himself unfit for such a glorious task, the greater his dependence upon the ever-present help of Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness.

Two members of the Congregation might have been singled out as particularly affected by the discourse, though many were evidently interested far more than a sermon usually interests the average Britisher. They were the only occu-

pants of the Vicarage pew, and might have been rightly guessed as brother and sister, and children of the preacher. Julian Helmore, whose age may be conjectured by the statement that he had just returned home after his first eight years of Indian life in the Covenanted Civil Service of the Crown, was not at first sight a striking figure. He was below the average height, and his frame did not convey much idea of manly strength. Nor indeed was the countenance a handsome one. It was only the forehead and brow, and the piercing dark eyes, which really formed a picture on which the eyes would wish to linger. In gazing on them, you felt somewhat instinctively that the owner was no ordinary individual, and you desired to find out what sort of a person could call such eyes his own. Beyond this, there was nothing really remarkable about our hero, for such he is. His sister cannot be better described than a feminine, and physically stouter, counterpart of her brother. Both were noticeable for a peculiar kind of mannerism, a habit of gazing fixedly with a sidelong glance at a particular spot of ground, with which, of course, their thoughts had nothing to do. This very attitude gave an expression of sadness to the faces of both, which presented rather a problem to those who knew their generally bright nature. Perhaps the thoughts of neither were of a very gay description, as they stood listening (for neither were vocalists) to the strains of the "sweetest evening Hymn." Julian, it is certain, was musing deeply on the preacher's words, and thinking how tragical is the contrast between what the world is, and what it might be, did it listen to its teachers. Indeed, his thoughts were probably ranging over the whole world of sad contrasts—contrasts between things as they are, and as we imagine them to be; between the stern and inexorable laws of nature and our soft natures which are continually being bruised thereby; between the drama of human life as it is, and as it would be, if not distorted and disfigured by human passion. Julian had the greatest reverence for his father, and would undoubtedly be deeply affected by any

of his public utterances; but here an answering chord had been struck deep down in his own heart, and his great need of the moment seemed to be to get into a quiet corner with some congenial spirit, and talk the matter over. Even the most frivolous must feel a kind of shock at the sudden change to trivialities on coming out of church. If we might hazard a conjecture at Margaret Helmore's thoughts, they were of a widely different class. Younger than her brother, and brought up in strict seclusion, she could hardly be expected to quite grasp or appreciate the lofty ideas of the sermon. She fully shared her brother's veneration for their father (on whom, owing to the early death of their mother, the education of the pair had devolved), but it was of a different and less appreciative kind, a sort of "I cannot understand, I love" feeling. Though, therefore, she had been listening intently, the idea uppermost in her mind was a kind of sinking sensation that Julian was full of thoughts which she could not share.

From childhood they had been all in all to each other—had studied, played, rejoiced, and sorrowed together, in that most holy relationship which seems to have been vouchsafed by pitying Heaven to fallen man, to remind him that the fire of the flaming sword is not quenchless, and that it is still possible for him to regain his lost estate. But since Julian's return from India, his sister had been conscious of a kind of gulf between them, an inability to be to him all that he required, a sort of prophetic instinct that he would want the sympathy of one who, unlike herself, had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. This feeling had cast a gloom over Margaret's usually joyous temperament, which all the delight of her brother's homecoming had been unable wholly to dispel. It was, therefore, with a somewhat lengthy face that the young lady joined her father, and accompanied him and his friend Sir Eustace Piers (who invariably supped at the Vicarage on Sundays) home, while Julian and the heir of Piers Hall, went for their equally inevitable walk.

Some explanation is necessary in reference to the new *dramatis personæ* whom we have introduced upon our boards. The gentleman who had now joined the Vicar and his daughter on their homeward way, was Mr. Helmore's oldest friend.

He had long represented the borough in Parliament, and though somewhat fitful in his attendance at the House, faithfully safeguarded the interests of his constituents at home, which was one of the numerous links between him and the Vicar, who, however broad and catholic in his views, invariably postponed all other interests to those of the home circle. Sir Eustace was a tall muscular Englishman of about fifty-five, young-looking for his age, and with a most charming manner, and the old-world courtesy of the *vrai aristocrat*, now becoming so unfortunately rare in England. Both left widowers at an early age, the Baronet and the Clergyman, whose grounds adjoined one another, and who were kindred spirits in a variety of ways, were naturally thrown much together. Not only did their parents become bosom friends, but Julian and his sister were the constant and inseparable companions of Sir Eustace's only son, a fine, military-looking young Englishman, five years Julian's junior, and his antithesis in many ways. He had just entered a crack cavalry regiment, and was looking forward to his first period of foreign service.

The friendship between young Eustace Piers and our hero was one of those mysterious "companionships" of which the American Poet has sung, and been so grossly misunderstood for portraying. That is, the bond between the two was so strong that one could almost imagine the future wife of either being jealous of it. Each of these two young men seemed to supply the deficiencies of the other. Julian was intellectually strong, but physically weak, and perhaps it was natural that he should have a great admiration for the *Guy Livingstone* virtues of his companion, to whom he, in turn, was guide, philosopher and friend. It had been Julian's early wish that his friend and his sister should marry, but neither of the pair seemed to

appreciate the rôle assigned to them in this little arrangement, and *Dis aliter visum*, the future had something quite different in store for both.

The summer evening of one of those "heavenly days that cannot die" was demonstrating that this description is, after all, a poetical one, as the two young men left the sycamore-sheltered walks of "God's Acre" and betook themselves to the river-side, which formed their favourite Sunday evening promenade. It was a still night, and the placid stream wound silently, like a thread of silver, through a sea of green verdure, disturbed only occasionally by the "gentle plashing of some lazy roach." Groups of working-men fishing lined the banks, and most of them had a respectful greeting for Julian and his companion, which showed, plainly, that there was no feeling of doing wrong in the pursuit, which would make them wish to avoid meeting their clergyman's son. Mr. Helmore, though particularly strict in his ceremonial observances himself, had the broadest possible views of the duty of others; and if each man in his parish came to church occasionally, would be quite satisfied that they should employ the rest of their Sundays in any quiet amusement. The Vicar was one of those who reverse the alas! too common attitude of humanity: he had a high standard for himself, and a low one for others; was always ready to make excuses for *them*, for himself *never*.

The conversation naturally turned on the remarkable sermon they had been hearing. Julian was, as we have seen, longing to interchange ideas on this subject. It cannot be said that the young cavalry officer who accompanied him would have usually talked on such topics, yet with Julian he insensibly fell into Julian's mood, and contributed something, at any rate, to the wealth of ideas which that somewhat dreamy individual usually had at command, on every subject under the sun. The ideas were not always useful, but they were novel, and supplied food for reflection —an important desideratum in this practical life.

"Well," said Julian, "what do you think of the new gospel? We have heard people encouraged to face danger before—but to court it! to value it as the one thing worth having! that sounds almost like a dreamer's dream, does it not?'

"My dear Julian," rejoined his companion, "I hardly know that I am competent to pronounce an opinion upon such a subject; but you know I share your reverence for your father—I have, indeed, good reason to respect him, for I know the extent to which my own father's political views have been coloured by what he has heard at the Vicarage, and, therefore, I should never be disposed to criticise any such utterances, even though they were a little beyond my comprehension."

"My dear Eustace, you are very appreciative and very modest, perhaps I am thinking in meanings to the word, of the sermon that they were not intended to bear. But, indeed, we both have reason to thank my father for his counsels, for you have shared in the education which he only has helped us to enjoy. His training has made *me* what I am—he has taught me what all the book-learning of the great seminaries could not teach: and though he has not condescended to develop the mind much (why should he with that splendid physique?) has certainly contributed something towards producing the magnificent specimen of an Englishman which I see before me."

"The future Governor-General of India is pleased to be sarcastic," interposed the young guardsman, pleased nevertheless.

"I know," continued Julian, "that I have learnt more from my father (his training, of course, being supplementary to, and taken together with, that of school and college) than from any other source. I wonder when we English shall discover that among our numerous other deficiencies lies the all-important one of not in the least understanding how to train the rising generation!"

"How unpatriotic you are, Julian! You are always finding out some fault or other in the dear old country."

"No," replied our hero gravely, "I am not unpatriotic. It is because I love our country so well that I wish to see her improved. By-the-bye, talking of politics, do you know that I have learnt something from the same source in reference to the portion of our empire, with which I am most concerned—India?"

"Why, Julian! I didn't know that the Vicar was an authority on Indian affairs!"

"Well, he has been questioning me about my work in the East, and he has, I think, opened my eyes to the real state of things there—a state of things that I, though actually on the spot, would never have discovered for myself, but his questions, taken with what I have myself seen, have quite caused the scales to fall from my eyes."

"What on earth *do* you mean, my dear boy?"

"I mean that all is not as well as it outwardly seems; that underneath the fair surface of things are the germs of coming trouble and danger, not only to the interests of India, but to those of the British Empire."

"Danger to the British Empire! Nonsense, my dear fellow! The British Empire can never be in danger while it has British arms and British pluck to defend it. If you go on talking in that strain, I shall have to put you down as a pessimist and an alarmist!" And the young guardsman involuntarily drew himself up to his full height as he spoke, as much as to say, "not while there are soldiers like this to fight for her, need the Empire tremble!"

Julian looked at his friend admiringly, but sadly, and replied:

"My dear fellow, you may call me all the bad names you like, but I fear you will not alter my convictions—convictions though I could scarcely call them, because I only put them forward as forming a side to the shield on which those in authority will do well to ponder. But, I must admit, I had the same ideas as yourself when I first went out to the country, and they were naturally fostered by the society in which I moved, consisting exclusively of persons like

yourself, adopting what you must forgive me calling the *Aggressive Anglo-Saxon* view of Indian politics."

"My dear Julian, what a long sentence! Your style is certainly not founded on the *Saturday Review!* But, joking apart, tell me a little more about your new views!"

"It is hardly necessary for me to tell you," said Julian, "that my father is, to a great extent, the source of all my views—his second-hand judgments seem to me better than ordinary people's original ones. He has carefully examined me as to the state of things in India, and put before me a totally new and, I am bound to say, somewhat alarming view of the political condition of the country."

"And what may be the views of the Vicar of Featherstone on this subject?" asked his friend.

"They are, briefly, as follows:—We, as officials, do not hear the real views of the people of India, nor, indeed, would any Englishman, unless he were known to be sympathetic, and perhaps not even then. Beneath the outward platitudes, about the beneficence of British rule, is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction with it, and readiness to welcome any change. The causes of this are manifold, but, perhaps, I can give you a brief resumé of the principal ones. In the first place, our rule is almost too good for the people, and has taken all the odour and colour out of life, often, of course, obtained by most reprehensible means. This is, doubtless, inevitable, and we have to take things as they are, and resign ourselves to human antagonism to being reclaimed! Secondly, the law-courts and the tax-gatherers, whom we have spread broadcast over the land, often drain away the very life-blood of the people. Again, we have killed all native industries and all careers, and left the people with nothing to fall back upon. Free trade and the desire to set up an ideally perfect administration, have produced these results. Lastly, we treat the people with habitual contempt as an inferior race: they must feel this a constant source of irritation. They cannot yet appreciate the benefits of our rule, and it is possible they feel its draw-

backs so keenly, that they are ripe and ready for any change, which they may think will give them a better time for the present. Of the anarchy resultant on the break up of a great empire they know nothing, and care less. Only each individual thinks he might have a chance. Up to the present time no leader sufficiently great to unite the discordant elements of unrest into a harmonious whole, has appeared, and a false sense of security has been engendered by occasional outbursts which invariably end in nothing, and are explained away on side issues. It seems strange that I should have been eight years in the country without finding this out, does it not? But I have had my suspicions of it. My father, who is, as you know, the friend of oppressed races (or races he considers oppressed) all over the world, has shown me the significance of facts which I had observed, but not understood.

Of course, *now* I remember to have heard it said that men have been in the service of the Crown in India all their lives, and have come home just as ignorant of the *people* as when they landed for the first time on Indian shores!"

"I have always thought your father a bit of a radical," responded Eustace, "and a little too disposed to 'take up' so-called oppressed peoples, who very often have a government quite as good as they deserve. But of this particular subject I know so little, that I will not venture an opinion."

Filial affection was instantly up in arms to rebut this accusation.

"My father is not a radical in the sense of a loosener of bonds: he more justly deserves the name of conservative; for he desires to preserve all that is best in the Constitution, by uncompromising adherence to what is right—to maintain the empire by associating this attitude with a persistent hostility to all that appears to be wrong."

The young guardsman had no time to reply, for their conversation had been long and varied, embracing a variety of subjects, totally distinct from those on which we have reproduced their remarks in order to show the general

trend of the book, and the time required for all, had brought the young men to supper-time and the Vicarage gates. The young people instinctively felt that the end of a tiring day was not suitable for conversation on abstruse subjects, and the meal passed without any remarks which deserve preservation. As they strolled round the beautiful garden (which was one of the Vicar's great hobbies), after replenishing exhausted nature, Margaret made a few observations (tinged partly with pleasurable anticipation, and partly with regret at leaving her beloved home in all its summer beauty), about her journey of the following day. Mr. Helmore's sister, who had married an old English baronet, had invited her niece to spend the early portion of the season in London, and the coming Monday was the date of the visit. She was to divide her time between her aunt's house, and that of a connection of her uncle's, Lady Hargrave, who often gave big functions in the season, and generally offered Margaret a "shake down" when they were to take place. Julian and young Eustace were to follow in a day or two, and share chambers somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. James'.

Finally, a few plans were made for meeting together at different places of interest in the Metropolis, and then the last greetings were exchanged and the party retired to rest.

CHAPTER III.

TO-MORROW TO FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

Margaret Helmore found it impossible to proceed to London on the date originally fixed, and it was arranged that the whole party should travel together on the following day.

Brother and sister looked upon the coming event, which was so completely to change the future of both, with feelings of an utterly different nature. Margaret was not joining the fashionable throng of the Metropolis for the first time, although Julian was—that is for the first regular season. He had always been too busy to go in very much for society—his sister, however, had had more of it—a part of two seasons in fact, but she cared little for it. She did not get on with girls of the butterfly class, and socially she was rather a failure. She generally repelled young men, as she had a kind of shrinking horror of "new century youngmannism," and toward her own sex she was but little different.

Julian, however, curiously enough, for he knew how to value the best things, had always had a longing to shine in society. He had *no* society accomplishments, and he was not sufficiently interested about trifles. He was profoundly impressed by the lack of a due sense of proportion shown by even the British devotion to sport. Sport, certainly, has made us what we are, but all sport is spoiled by being *professionalised*, and it is absurd to allow it to overpower more important subjects in conversation.

But the world of society will not see things in this light, and has always a tendency to crucify those who attempt to lead it into new grooves of thought and feeling. Julian had to suffer from all this: in fact, he was always trying to

drag people, against their will, in pursuit of the impossible ideals with which he was tormented, with results which may be easily imagined. But he was conscious of a power of conversation when it was brought out, when he was liked and appreciated, which few possessed, and though scarcely cognisant of the failing, he was really consumed with jealousy that so many, without gifts comparable to his, should shine when he failed to attract. How his disillusion was completed—how he found out that his own peculiar gifts had really little market value, because not understood, and sometimes even resented by those who moved, and desired to continue in a lower plane—how each of his friends seemed to want to monopolise him, and at the same time to keep to themselves any one they thought *valuable*, either for wealth, social position, or any kind of pre-eminence—all this the reader can perhaps imagine.

Julian's peculiar feelings in going into society were largely coloured by questions of sex. From his earliest years he had been profoundly impressed with the importance of the influence of woman as an elevating agency: he was consequently much exercised (and here he thought on parallel lines with his sister) by the behaviour of the girl of the period. He had been to the theatre, on his arrival in London from the East, with an artist friend, whose table was covered with cards of invitation, and who took off his hat to every second carriage in Bond Street. His companion pointed out to Julian many well-known personages in the stalls and dress-circle, and amused him with some criticisms, some of them not over-delicate, of the charms and costumes of the ladies who attracted his notice, many of whom he personally knew. Relapsing into seriousness, he had waxed eloquent over the extravagances of modern female attire, and pleased Julian immensely by characterising all this as part of a process which might be described as a "Cheapening of Paradise." He deplored the fact that innocent young girls, the flower of our sweet

young English womanhood—the mothers of the future generations of the Empire, and on whom that Empire had to rely for the keeping up of strength, purity and honour, in a degenerate age, should be forced or drift into this kind of thing. He then told a story of a fair young debutante being made quite ill by her first appearance in evening dress in a public place, and commented upon what the late Queen might have done for England, if, instead of encouraging décolleté costumes, she had thrown the weight of her influence on the side of modesty and sobriety of dress. Julian replied with some alliterative pleasantry about not allowing such thoughts to spoil the "poetry of the petticoat, the fascination of frills, the charm of chiffon and the luxury of lace," and regarding them all (even in an extravagance Nature does not always avoid) as "appropriate foliage for the human flower—woman." But our hero was none-the-less profoundly affected by the flood of new ideas poured into his mind by his friend, a cynical bachelor of the butterfly type, preserved only from the degenerating influences of the age by his genuine love of art, and the "real and beautiful."

All these "searchings of heart" made it extremely difficult for Julian to derive any satisfaction from mingling in a "smart set," which persistently ignored his high ideals. Another anachronism which rendered our hero "impossible" in society was his absolute truthfulness : he seemed completely incapable of recognising that modern society habitually wore a mask, under which the real personality had a tendency to disappear altogether.

Margaret, on the contrary, carried into society a nature, the innermost depths of which were as yet totally unawakened, and most of these things passed her by, or left no more impression than the ripple on the surface of the water.

Julian would probably have carried down his faults to the grave, with the majority to whom experience teaches no lessons, had it not been for the extraordinary circumstances which awaited him in the coming scenes of a hitherto com-

mon-place life: his sister seemed scarcely to need the sharp training, as the lessons seemed, for her, already learned.

With these preliminary remarks let us proceed to consider the doings of our hero and heroine on the last day before they left home for their "Babylonish Captivity," which their sojourn in the Metropolis really was to both of them in a sense: both were taken captive for a time at least by one of the denizens of the Octopus of the Thames, which attracts into its insatiable maw all that is bright and beautiful on the earth.

Brother and sister both wanted an early breakfast on the last morning at home, and came down, Julian with his fishing rod (for he wanted to have one last try at his favourite sport in the old river), and his sister to write a few letters and then to finish her packing. Julian wanted to meditate, and fancied fishing was the best accompaniment to his thoughts—besides, he really loved and was a proficient in the "gentle art." Pocketing, therefore, a few sandwiches, and an orange or two as drink, our hero sallied forth with his rod to the river. He passed the little stream where, to the envy of all the neighbourhood, who did not believe such fish existed there, he had caught his first trout, the meadow in Sir Eustace's grounds where he had killed his first partridge (it is to be feared without a licence!) and all the old tale of his boyhood came back to him and seemed to live again. His days at school, where —an over-sensitive child—he had been dreadfully bullied; at college, the paradise of his life, where all the joys of academic existence were to be had, with none of its drawbacks, his passing for the Service, student days in London, and early years in India, when he had lived in a kind of dream, sucking in unconsciously the influences that were to bring forth his remarkable character. He went on musing on these things until he reached a shady backwater where he had always been accustomed to find chub, and on this occasion was roused from day-dreams by the sight of a particularly fine one, lazily watching a peculiar kind of fly, which would

not venture near enough to the water for fish to take him. Julian, who pursued the angler's craft as enthusiastically and eagerly as he did everything else, was a practised fly-maker. Years ago, as a boy, he had found it extremely difficult and irksome to make flies, but he had determined to conquer this disinclination. He had long learnt to make himself do things he disliked, though it was only just before his death that he reached the supreme goal of self-conquest in this direction, when the task becomes an easy one. He sat down with his fly-book, and in five minutes, or ten at the outside, had made a tolerably close imitation of the tempting dioptron.

By the time the afternoon was well advanced, our hero had a fine basket of chub, and a roach or two into the bargain, and one very fine perch which he had caught with his fly-rod in pulling out a tiny roach which was pursued by the highwayman of the stream.

As the slanting shadows showed it was time to return for dinner, Julian folded up his rod and prepared to pursue his homeward way. At the same instant, curiously enough, he encountered both his father, returning from parish visits, and young Eustace, who had been to say good-bye to some very old friends in the neighbourhood. The latter had a telegram in his hand, announcing the death, in one of our little Indian frontier wars, of a brother officer, who had been his greatest friend, during the earlier stages of his military career. His senior by about two years, this friend formed the model on which Eustace had endeavoured to mould himself. The telegram hinted that the officer commanding had allowed himself to be led into a trap, with the result that a number of valuable lives had been sacrificed.

Mr. Helmore endeavoured to divert his young friend's thoughts from the terrible blow he had received, by directing the conversation to the subject of military blunders generally considered, and the possibility of avoiding them by a greater readiness to consult subordinate officers. The Vicar's views will be best given in his own words.

"It ought to be quite possible for a general to combine that apparent self-confidence, without which the confidence of others cannot be obtained, with a readiness and, indeed, a determination to learn the views of all his subordinate officers. If he distrusts himself, he may act a part, and pretend to be merely sucking brains, cross-examining, when he is really asking for opinions. But in no case should a general undertake any important movement without previously consulting everybody likely to have opinions. It does not matter who the person is; if he has views, he is entitled to have them weighed, not rejected on pre-conceived grounds. It is so easy to lead an army to victory in one's arm-chair; but when actually in the field, one's plans, however good, are so likely to fail in some important point, because certain considerations have been omitted. Were I a general, I should be inclined to summon a council of war before carrying out any movement of importance, and address my officers somewhat as follows:—Gentlemen, I intend to make an important movement with the object of—whatever the object may be. Before doing so, I desire to have the benefit of your opinions, given in the most unreserved manner, both as to the advisability of moving at all, and as to the means proposed to obtain the desired end. I shall therefore not enlighten you as to my own views until you have all had your say, beginning with the junior officer, lest he should in any way be prejudiced by what his seniors think, as you might be prejudiced by what *I* think. I tell you candidly that I consider myself solely responsible for what we do and do not do, and I refuse to bind myself to deference to the opinion of anybody. If you all think one thing, and, after carefully considering your reasons, I shall deem it right to do just the opposite, I shall certainly do it, and I shall expect the most loyal co-operation and surrender of individual will from all of you. But I promise you that your opinions shall all receive the most careful consideration."

His hearers listened to this monologue with somewhat of astonishment, for Mr. Helmore had never been known to enunciate his own views to quite such a length before, at least outside the pulpit. As may have been anticipated the comments of the young men were guarded, and the Vicar's theory not subjected to a discussion which might have exploded or strengthened it. The trio then reached their parting of the ways with some uninteresting conversation on common-place topics; but his father's ideas remained, and bore fruit, as we shall see, in Julian's mind.

CHAPTER IV.

A MEETING IN A CROWD.

A London ball-room in the height of the season! English ideas of social enjoyment! An over-crowded room of course; for a private ball must wipe off with one stroke a long list of social scores! So, about three times the number of people the rooms can accommodate are invited. Dancing is impossible, rational intercourse equally so, and the objects of the meeting are defeated by the conditions under which it takes place. The unhealthy air of the stifling apartments (adorned, as if in irony, by everything that can suggest youth, beauty, and vigorous life) is rivalled by the polluted atmosphere of human passion which forms the moral entourage.

Jealousy, hatred, contempt, pride, discontent, revenge and falsehood, in all their myriad forms of ugliness were there. But of all the sad features of the scene, by far the saddest was to see fresh young girls, with the bloom of youth and guilelessness still preserved, learning to practise deceit, to live for self, to seek only to outshine others, and to consult their own interests and fancies, regardless of the feelings of their fellow-creatures, and in these low aims, to lose the sense of higher ones, and miss the whole purpose of their lives.

In this uncongenial scene, it is amusing to picture our hero, who looked as much like a fish out of water as a man could well look, attentively observing the curious panorâma of human life presented to his view.

Julian, however, wished to assist as much as possible in the hilarity of the evening, not only because it was following out one of his principles to do so, but because his hostess, Lady Hargrave, was one of his father's oldest friends,

a connection of the family, and a great ally of his own into the bargain. He readily responded, therefore, to the suggestion (usually so repugnant to the latter-day young man) of introduction, and announced himself as willing to dance with anyone wanting a partner.

His hostess, however, refused to allow his good-nature to be taken too much advantage of, and, among other introductions, he had the promise of a dance from certainly one of the most striking girls in the room. As this young lady was destined to exercise a most important influence upon our hero's future, we want at least some description of her. Miss Margaret Delamaine (such was the designation of the young lady towards whom our hero was led like a lamb to be introduced) was about the middle height, with a figure inclining, if anything, towards excess in fulness, but otherwise describable as generally average. She was not pretty, but her face was one not easily forgotten when thoroughly studied.

Her principal attraction lay in the Juno-like proportions of her arms, bust, and shoulders, which a costume erring perhaps in the direction of being too décolleté, displayed to unexampled perfection. The usual formalities having been interchanged, the result was that our hero's destinies were linked with those of this fair creature for one brief quarter of an hour, at a distance of a couple of dances from their present position in the programme. Forming, as they do, the only recognised methods of bringing young people of different sexes together, these quarters of an hour often, or at least occasionally, play an important part in the lives of men and women.

On returning from giving his last partner the refreshment which she had desired, a process which had occupied fully the interval between the dances and a little more into the bargain, Julian was astonished to find his engaged partner waltzing with another man. They passed close to him, and he was perfectly certain that Miss Dalamaine saw him, though she gave no sign

of having done so. Presently, having finished their waltz, the couple strolled leisurely to the trysting place for dancing couples, and there his truant fair one consented to look for and be claimed by Julian. The waltz was just finishing as they joined its ranks, and so the object of their temporary association was completely defeated.

On making some deprecatory remark in reference to this treatment, Julian was thunderstruck at the reply he received.

The ready lie was on his partner's lips, and it was told so unshrinkingly as really to shock him. "I looked for you and could not see you, and as W——, poor fellow, is on duty in barracks to-night, and has to leave before supper, I just gave him a turn."

It would have been the proper thing, of course, for Julian to have accepted this explanation. But our hero was not, as we have seen, a conventional person, and the result of this little incident was a regular quarrel, or something very like it, between the newly-acquainted couple.

"Having accepted my offer," said Julian, "your whole time, from the moment that waltz struck up, belonged to me, and to give it to another was just as much robbery, as the theft of more material things."

The effect of this speech upon his companion was to make her thoroughly angry, and indeed the average society man or woman would consider that she was fully justified in her wrath. It was a curious denouement for a purely conventional and ephemeral combination of two lives, and would probably have ended in their parting for ever, had it not been for the accidental meeting which followed it the next day.

Margaret commanded our hero to lead her instantly to her chaperon, complaining that he had insulted her, and telling him, in plain terms, that if he was going to be so absurdly sensitive, he had better keep to himself, and not inflict his humours and eccentricities upon society.

Julian was tempted to reply in terms of equal warmth, but he managed to restrain himself, and taking his fair

partner to the haven where she desired to be (it turned out to be her mother after all, whom she had somewhat evasively described as her chaperon), bowed stiffly, and walked away. It happened that Lady Hargrave was disengaged at the time, and was near enough to observe the little comedy. She was very fond of Julian, but knew his eccentricities, and seemed to have an instinctive perception that her young friend had been making himself miserable by refusing to fall in with the conventionalities of existence.

She beckoned Julian, and, in her tactful way, contrived to draw from him the details of the contretemps. Seeing that he was really very much upset, she did not oppose his desire to leave the assembly, which she recognised as of a kind full of pitfalls to one of his peculiar temperament; merely salving his wounded self-love with a little judicious flattery, rounded off by an invitation to another and quieter function on the following day. Having then promised to lunch with her on the morrow, and call at noon precisely, in order to see the meet of the Coaching Club before the meal, our hero quietly took leave of his hostess and withdrew. Julian declined the footman's offer of calling him a hansom, and throwing a light overcoat over his evening dress, walked slowly down the brilliantly lighted street, illuminated more than its wont, on account of the number of functions happening to take place within it that evening. Our hero was in no very complaisant mood, and he walked along somewhat sullenly, brooding on the events of the evening, notwithstanding Lady Hargrave's attempt to soothe him.

He was angry with himself for having been so hasty, angry with his truant partner for her language, angry with his hostess for having perceived his irritation.

Throughout his life, Julian's great fault had been his oversensitiveness, resulting in a kind of mental attitude which was eternally giving him most exquisite pain. The pain was not lessened by his foolish propensity for airing his peculiar opinions in society. Many had been the counsels

he had received to cultivate a mental and moral epidermis, but he seemed unable to adopt any of them, and it appeared certain that the epidermis would never grow in his case.

He was, therefore, bound to suffer, but unfortunately no amount of suffering ever seemed to teach him the wisdom of avoiding it for the future. He had not yet learnt the lesson of using every day life as a means of correcting one's besettng faults. His ideas he got, as we have seen, largely from his father, but he did not share his father's conspicuous tact, sense of proportion, and knowledge of the world, and the ideas often suffered terribly in his hands. He usually experienced the pangs of martyrdom from disillusion following on over-expectation, and failed to make the progress which might have been achieved, had he been calmer and more practical. Julian had been but a few days in the Metropolis, when the incident, we have described, happened. All appeared to emphasise and crown the thoughts which his brief experience of Vanity Fair had engendered. It seemed to him an ugly show—revelations had been made to him of which he, in his Indian seclusion, and even during his studious life of preparation for his career, had really never dreamed. First came politics, the highest department of human activity, utterly divorced from morality ; scarcely was there a real statesman in the House, for a statesman is one who cares for *the State* and does not put self or Party first. Next was commerce gradually losing the old English ideas of honesty being the best policy, and taking a pride in sending out something which shall carry with it all over the world, a guarantee of excellence from the country of its production. Julian had been greatly shocked by hearing of how whisky, for example, is adulterated under the very nose of the Government official, coarse spirit being mixed in under the pretence of "blending," and the pass of the Excise Officer, who cares for nothing but his duty, used as a kind of voucher for a spurious quality. Then labour losing the old traditions of self-respect and desire to do a thing as well as it can be done, and learning

to skimp work in every possible way. In some of our Midland churches you will still find stone-carving as conscientiously done in parts of the building never expected to be seen at all, as in those exposed to the public gaze; showing how the British workman of old days did his work because he loved it.

In art again, and all departments of creative work, we find the old canons dying out, and giving place to a systematic pandering to the public taste, however distorted; even the artist sacrificing what he holds most sacred, in order to tickle the jaded palate of a crowd craving only for sensation.

Finally, society being built more and more upon a basis of money, the poisonous root of all the demoralisation: people valued not for what they are in themselves, but for what we can get out of them. The exclusiveness of English, so-called aristocratic, circles is indeed suicidal. They cut themselves adrift from all the new influences which invigorate and protect from degeneration and decay.

Three questions are always asked before letting an outsider in: is he of our set? does he want anything from us? can we get anything out of him? If the answer to the last question is in the affirmative, the others need scarcely be answered in the right way. It seems all a gigantic shop, just bartering what you have to give for what others have to give you in exchange.

And this commercial spirit is smiting us in our tenderest and most sacred spot—the life of our girls! Oh, those terrible Bridge scandals, they are too shocking even to mention! Julian had not yet acquired the deep philosophy, which is the only antidote to pessimism. We may be in an ebb of progress, and fancy the tide is setting the wrong way, for the ebb may last our whole lifetime. But every thinking person you meet deplores the scandals, and recognises that they threaten the Empire. This alone seems to show that a reaction is coming. We are not yet quite ready for the new Gospel—we have to work our way to it—

perhaps through much tribulation—slowly to cast off the slime of the past, and rise, let us hope, to a new and glorious life, which may make this old world young again.

An incident soon happened to distract Julian's attention from himself, and to enable him to shake off all morbid and self-regarding feelings, which he could always do when his assistance was demanded by his fellow-creatures.

A low cry from a door-step attracted his attention, and going up, Julian perceived a female form, clothed in poor garments, but having an air of faded elegance and refinement, and apparently in the last stage of exhaustion.

Always a bit of a Don Quixote, our hero did not shrink from this promised adventure, which in his present mood rather attracted him, he gently approached the sufferer, and kneeling beside her, raised her head in his arms, and perceived that she was apparently lifeless. To seize the chance of saving a fellow-creature's life was what our previous studies of Julian's character would have led us to expect of him, and this without reflecting in the least that the situation might easily become compromising.

The services of one of those non-descript specimens of humanity who haunt London streets, with the object of picking up odd jobs, were quickly enlisted, and having by this means secured a four-wheeled cab, Julian soon transported his protegee to a lodging-house in the neighbourhood, the landlady of which he knew, and confided her to the latter's care, promising to call some time in the following afternoon, and give directions as to the future. He did not leave, of course, until a doctor had been called in, and arrrangements made that all his directions should be faithfully carried out.

This done, Julian was rather glad to escape from the house, and to betake himself to his own rooms, without having had any conversation with the object of his somewhat romantic proceedings. It was already late, and for our hero to have breakfasted, dressed, and be in Lowndes Square by noon the next day, he could not expect a

very long night's rest as it was. Punctually at the hour, next morning, Julian presented himself at Lady Hargrave's, whom he found, as usual, fresh and radiant. The carriage was already at the door, and they proceeded at once to the "Ladies' Mile." Walking up and down with his hostess, bowing to her numerous friends, and occasionally to one or two persons whom he happened to know, Julian was unusually silent. As a rule he would probably have amused himself by criticising the conversation, which it must be confessed, is generally somewhat inane and circumscribed—(usually bounded by the narrow limits of what people have been and are doing, or are going to do,) and of which amusing scraps can be over-heard as one saunters along: but to-day he was monosyllabic in his utterances, and was evidently pre-occupied.

His pre-occupation was not lessened or the situation improved, by their passing close to Julian's partner of the previous evening, sitting radiant in a new spring costume, which showed off her magnificent figure even better than the ball dress of last night, with her mother on her left, and a vacant chair on her right. Julian was unaware how it all came about, but the next few minutes saw him the occupant of the vacant chair beside Margaret Delamaine, while Lady Hargrave had retired into a row of chairs at a considerable distance behind them, and was lost in conversation with an old friend. Another circumstance which our hero often looked back upon as inexplicable was, how he induced his fair companion not only to forgive his rudeness of the previous night, but also actually to consent to visit his unfortunate protegee. Why this role was not confided to his old and tried friend, Lady Hargrave, will perhaps be readily comprehended by the reader: indeed, Lady Hargrave would probably have lacked both the leisure and the motive (also easily to be comprehended) which induced Margaret to consent with some eagerness to the task which her new friend wished to impose upon her. As a matter of fact the young lady, though she pretended to be angry with

him, was immensely attracted by Julian's absolute unconventionality and total lack of resemblance to any one else she had ever met. She, therefore, caught at an excuse for being his companion in a visit which seemed to promise a succession of similar ones. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining Mrs. Delamaine's sanction to the arrangement, as with exemplary "dutifulness," she rarely opposed her daughter's plans, however strange and unconventional. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the details of this episode, but as it had an immense effect upon the development of our hero's character, let us glance at its broad outlines and denouement. Suffice it to say, that the life, rescued by Julian from the streets, turned out to belong to an opera-singer, whose voice and husband had both deserted her. The husband, who had been living on the professional gains of his unfortunate wife, absconded when he found that the delicate organ, which brought the grist to the mill, refused any longer to fulfil its functions, and betook himself to scenes where he was no longer burdened with a sick partner. It turned out that Helen Sanderson, as this unfortunate lady had been called before her marriage, had been dazzled during her professional studies in Dresden, by the brilliant, but tinsel, accomplishments of Major Hawthorne, an adventurer whose claims ever to have borne His Majesty's Commission would probably not bear very close investigation. She was the daughter of a clergyman of good family in poor circumstances, and had been left an orphan and educated by a rich uncle who did not want to be burdened with her.

Fond of his wife, in a way, and kind and indulgent to her when all was going smoothly, the "Major" was just one of those handsome, devil-may-care, *Don Giovanni* kind of men, who, however worthless to the core, manage nevertheless to gain, and, what is more wonderful still, to keep the hearts of women. Since her desertion by the Major, Helen had almost courted death. She had made some feeble attempts at obtaining some work as a semp-

tress, but finding herself everywhere regarded with suspicion, and work itself not easy to obtain, she had soon given up the struggle. After exhausting the small sum she was able to obtain by the sale of such jewelry and clothing as had escaped the Major's voracity, Helen literally wandered out into the streets to die.

Julian was regarded by most mothers as a kind of male chaperon, a sort of sexless individual who could be trusted with their daughters as readily as with their watches. Indeed, every honorable man ought to be capable of this confidence, though while human nature remains what it is, it is best perhaps not to count upon it too much. Julian's reputation, however, made it quite easy to induce his mother to withdraw the opposition, which even she manifested, when it turned out that not only one but a series of visits, to one of the outcasts of society, was contemplated. Two or three times a week did this queer pair of philanthropists resort to Mrs. Hawthorne's lodgings, and spend hours in her company. This sweet creature was rapidly dying. The system had received a shock from the hardships which it had undergone, from which it was impossible for it to recover. More than one curious result followed this strange companionship, influencing, as it did, the attachment which, begun in anger, Julian had gradually contracted for the beautiful girl who was his coadjutor in this good samaritanism. It seemed as if our hero had fallen in love with Margaret physically, and with Helen spiritually. As the latter was rapidly passing from this world, there could be no moral objection to the situation. Nor was there any danger: it was obvious that Major Hawthorne would never return to a country where he had duped several tradesmen.

"Julian seemed possesssed by the idea of moulding Margaret's character on that of Helen, and the strange intercourse between the members of the trio lent itself to this end. Helen seemed to recognise, as only one in the immediate expectation of death could recognise, how Mar-

garet's faults were directly due to the aimless life of selfish pleasures into which she had drifted, and what great potentialities of nobility still remained.

Hour by hour would the pair sit beside the bedside of the dying actress, while she poured forth story after story of her experiences of days when "the lights flashed, the music swelled—the stage was all aglow."

Helen seemed equally attached to both her benefactors, and it was evidently going to be her dying wish that they should be united. The invalid, feeling herself so near the presence of Death, was restrained by no false squeamishness from speaking her mind freely.

She had heard the story of their first meeting over and over again, had been told how shocked Julian had been with Margaret's conventionality, selfishness and want of truth; and how equally shocked the latter had been with her new friend's "priggishness" (as she regarded it), illusions, general "impossibility," and refusal to accept things as they are. There was, however, a hidden potentiality in both of a life of nobility combined with practical usefulness, which might tend to point a moral to a degenerate world, and Helen felt that in these two young and rising lives, her own dead personality could, so to speak, live again. She lectured both with perfect frankness on their faults: it seemed as if the veil of flesh were lifted, and the three souls came into communion, the one with the other: the freedom of conversation was absolute, and the human intercourse as near perfection as possible. It was as if a being of another world were constantly watching over Julian and his future fiancee, to shield their intercourse from all that could spoil it. To pull up each when tempted to misunderstand the other—to check them in the use of intemperate language or irritating choice of subject—to advocate a constant policy of give and take, and making the best of each other— these were the functions arrogated to herself by the dying girl. She had evidently made up her mind that in this pair, each was especially suited to

supply the deficiencies of the other. Margaret was to make ordinary intercourse with his fellow-creatures possible to Julian, and he was to keep the ideal constantly before her and show her how to get as near to it as circumstance would allow, and above all to undertake her education.

We are glad to draw a veil over the final scene of this drama, in the same spirit as caused Helen to ask them to cover her face, as if with a consciousness that she was entering into the presence of Him before whom even the Angels veil their countenances. Thrown, so to speak into each other's arms by the overwhelming consciousness of their irreparable loss, the two young people swore over the deathbed of her, whom they had learnt to love better than anything else in the world, except each other, to be united in the holiest of human relationships, and to be true to each other through all that might betide them in their earthly career.

Es ist eine alte geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu.

Again we have to whisper *Dis Aliter Visum.*

Of this pair so wonderfully prepared for each other by a kind of angel influence, one had to prove the tragic law of mundane existence, that when you have learnt how to live, it is time to give place to others who have the same lesson to master. The other was under marching orders for a campaign to be fought out without the loved companionship, which might have made its lonely hardships so much easier to bear, to experience how much worse it is to be left than to go before.

CHAPTER V.

THE LADIES' MILE.

Once more we are in the fashionable resort, which is marked on the map of London by the "corner." But the votaries of pleasure are no longer there—

For they are gone, one and all.
The Row is spurn'd, the park deserted.
From square and crescent, flat and hall,
The men who spoon'd—the girls who flirted.

Julian Helmore was strolling leisurely among the pigeons, listening to their plaintive cooing after the lost friends who had fed them during the summer, and thinking how he loved London in September, when he had the place to himself, and could indulge his passion for it in his own eccentric way.

The pathos and romance of the palpitating "Heart of the World," so full of mingled good and evil, so alive with human joy and misery, had captivated his dreamy and enthusiastic temperament from his earliest days. And now the feeling was all the stronger, because the "Little Village," as he loved to call it, had been the theatre of the stirring events which have been summarised in the last chapter, and which had wrought such a strange metamorphosis in his character. Both he and his fiancee were indeed changed. Both had concentrated the entire force of an intense nature on the endeavour to keep the death-bed vow in its fullest sense.

At first it was up-hill work: the old faults in each kept on obtruding themselves; the one relapsed into "impossibility" and the other into conventionality. But these temporary relapses could not mar their earnest, strenuous efforts to fulfil the promise made to their dead friend. Julian learned to take people as he found them, and not to be perpetually trying to force his ideas down their throats.

He had now one person whom he could guide and who was more deeply impressed, perhaps, than her lover by the sanctity of that last solemn scene in the squalid lodging house. Margaret submitted in a most remarkable way to training; she became less frivolous, more earnest, and the latent good in her nature came out. She cultivated her accomplishments seriously, in the hope that, one day, they might be useful to her fellow creatures; her whole nature softened, and showed what a lovable character had been almost engulfed in the atmosphere of artificiality from which she had been rescued.

Immersed in his reverie, Julian was scarcely conscious of his surroundings, but he looked behind him with a sudden impulse, and instantly recognised some one crossing the carriage drive, into the broad shady walk which leads to the Marble Arch.

The casual observer might have designated that tall graceful form, quietly but tastefully attired, as ordinary, for there was nothing to excite attention, and the aim of the dress was, obviously, just to escape notice in a crowd. And a face not lined by passion may be called commonplace, but is not the commonplace divine both in woman and in nature? Calm, healthy normal obedience to law, and conformity to order, qualities which make the quiet contemplation of this reposeful beauty a task to which the hungry human heart can with difficulty attune itself.

It may be guessed that the lady, whom Julian now went to intercept, was none other than the faithful friend whose wise, kind, and level-headed counsels had been so useful to him in his difficult struggle to get into the right subjective attitude towards the common things of everyday existence. Left a childless widow at a comparatively early age, Lady Hargrave had been guide, philosopher and friend to a number of young men. Her relationship with Julian had all the aroma of the "Divina Comedia:" he usually called her "Madonna", but since his engagement it had been tacitly acknowledged that she could no longer quite play the part

of Beatrice, though, of course, he would always be "Julian" to her.

"My dear Lady Hargrave! Is it possible! We must be the only people in London. I am to meet Margaret in an hour. Have you a few moments to spare? Do you remember our last talk in this place—we sat and saw all the crowd gradually disappear to luncheon—we were the only people in the Park as we are now. Do you remember how we both voted food absolutely impossible, the air was so soft—so perfectly satisfying—it seemed to do away with the necessity for more material sustenance?"

"My dear Julian! You take my breath away as usual, but I have a few minutes, and do you know I have scarcely seen you all the season. You told me your engagement would make you more like other people, but it seems to have sent you out of society altogether."

"If one could always talk as you and I did on that memorable occasion, society might cease to be my *bête noire*."

"The queens of Society," rejoined his companion, "would ostracise us if we did so. We must not be above the heads of anybody, or singular in any way, unless we are "lions." You men might venture to do so perhaps, but women never could. Very often men do not go into society at all; they send their wives and daughters, but refuse to give up the time themselves. And why do people go into society?—to be amused—to be taken out of themselves—they want to live their own free life, with the result that the feminine and frivolous element prevails in, and dominates, most social functions. You must adapt yourself to your surroundings, not look upon functions as "*la chasse aux ames soeures*," a happy hunting ground for kindred spirits."

"Well, you will want to know what we have been substituting for society. I imagine you would call it "slumming," but it is not exactly that, though something akin to it. Do you remember on that day I reminded you of just now, that although we were the only beings of our set left in the Park, there were others belonging to the "nether world" as Gis-

sing calls it? Margaret and I have been working a great deal among this community. Those that we try to help belong mostly to the inferior servant class; unfortunate ones whom illness or advancing years make less able to do a good day's work than before, and who, therefore, find but a scanty market for their services."

"And how do you find out whether these people are really hungry or not, for I presume you don't try to help any but the starving?"

"No, that is exactly what we aim at: we feel so keenly how little our Institutions, notwithstanding the enormous mass of money they collect for charity, meet the needs of those who are most deserving of help. They spend so much on offices and staff, that their field of usefulness is seriously curtailed. Sometimes even they profess to be unable to help respectable people, alleging that they are concerned only with the vicious classes."

"You *must* be undervaluing the work of our organised charities. There is surely no place in the world where so much is done to help the poor as in London!"

"I must answer your question as to how we find out the starving, and perhaps in doing so I may show that I am not so unjust to the charitable institutions as you infer."

"I am all attention," said his friend, with a slightly amused look, as they changed the chairs they had originally occupied, for more comfortable ones.

"Those who are seen crouching under trees, when the rain has driven all others from the Park, may be assumed to have no home or shelter to go to. But a larger find is afforded by watching the seats and benches at the dinner hour: those who remain, when all the rest have gone home for the midday meal, may be safely put down as hungry. It is these that we take to some cheap eating-house, and provide with a simple meal; we never give money except in very rare instances."

"And how does Margaret relish the contact with these unfortunate people?"

"She does not come into contact with them as much as I do; but since Helen's death she has almost lost the taste for society as much as I have, and finds a real pleasure in giving a little kind sympathy, which is what these people value even more than the meal. I myself very often act a part with them, and pretend to belong to their class, by doing which I get much more into touch with them. I have had some most interesting revelations in this way occasionally, some, indeed, of a nature to "give us pause." I nearly always hear some complaint or other against our institutions, and these reiterated charges must have some basis of truth. And do you know these unfortunate creatures are allowed no rest by the Police at night, they are perpetually "moved on!" The guardians of the public, however, nearly all have their shelter—sometimes the kitchens of big houses where the inmates are out at functions all night long. Here they are regaled with tea, coffee, and tobacco, and perhaps something still stronger! The Inspectors only come round at 12, 2 and 4; it is against the unwritten law of the Force to lay traps!"

"But surely the Commissioner of Police must arrange for more efficient supervision than this!" To this remark Julian thought it wiser to return no reply.

"But tell me more about yourself, your sister, and your friend Eustace Piers," said Lady Hargrave, "I have not even seen *him* for ages."

"You probably know more about my sister almost than I do. You remember when she was at your house for that memorable dance at which I first met her namesake, I was almost glad to hear that she was not well, when I called to go with you to the Coaching Club Meet, and to have an excuse for not meeting her."

"I remember you were in a very excited and strange condition, and I guessed your feelings and anticipated them."

"You were good and kind as you always are and always will be. You will always be 'Madonna' to me and Margaret."

"I have seen more of your Margaret than of the rest: we have often talked over your first meeting, and I fully believe that you are now helping each other to live a true life—to understand the secret springs of your actions, and to fight against the self-deception we are all so prone to. I cannot now understand why your engagement should make you so shy of meeting your own people."

"I think in my sister's case the shrinking has been mutual: we have each been thinking the other would disapprove of our matrimonial views. I cannot quite fancy Arthur Toynbee as a husband for Meta: I cannot help thinking he has taken her up mainly as being a fresh unhackneyed mind, utterly different from the world—stained ones he is in the habit of meeting—and for the pleasure of training her on his principles. I don't think, either, he is quite genuine. She, of course, has put him on a pedestal, and hence the difficulty of talking over matters on our old lines."

"It certainly is funny how you both have carried on your little arrangements independently of each other: but now tell me of Captain Piers—I took an immense fancy to him, and thought him such an excellent companion for you!"

"I suppose you mean he would be a check upon my eccentricities! Well all our plans for going about together were frustrated by his sudden summons to India. You know General Ranelee's falling into that trap cost us a large number of officers, among them Eustace's greatest service friend. I don't think he felt much like going through a season after the news came, for though not demonstrative, he felt the loss most keenly, and was not altogether sorry when he got his orders. His going away would have been a terrible blow to me under ordinary circumstances, but I was in such a whirl of new emotions I scarcely realised what it all meant. I was quite upset, however, when I saw him off—we are to be in different parts of India and may never meet—'Margaret!'"

This exclamation came from both their lips at once, as a hand was laid upon the shoulder of each, and the newcomer burst into a merry laugh at their surprise. "You two were so engrossed in conversation I could not resist the temptation, but I did not hear a word."

"You might have overheard something too flattering about yourself, which is the only thing we have to conceal, my dear," said Lady Hargrave.

"But now take this dreamy philanthropist of yours off my hands, as I am already late, and let me get on." Then calling back over her shoulder, "mind the wedding is to take place from my house, and let me know the date as soon as ever you can"—she disappeared among the trees.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

The laugh created by her little ruse having faded, Margaret became preternaturally grave, and it was evident that there was something on her mind which she wanted to communicate, but yet hesitated in putting into words.

Now fairly trained in interpreting her looks, her lover instantly went straight to the point.

"Darling, *qu' es tu?* You have something to tell me, pray bring it out at once, or I shall think it worse than it is."

"Sweetheart! Promise me that you will not attempt to alter my decision. We shall have to part but only for a few days—but I can't tell why I shrink from it so—I seem to grudge every minute we are apart, and yet we have a lifetime before us. You know I have been very anxious about mother for some time past: she saw a doctor this morning, and he has ordered her off to Davos at a moment's notice. He wants her to get up the hill before the snow comes on, and there is no time to be lost. We start to-morrow, and I have promised her I would not let you come too. I am only just going to take her there, and Aunt Fanny will join her later on. Then we will pay her a visit on our way to India"—and the speaker reddened with conflicting emotions, looked away to avoid his eye, and put her hand confidingly and coaxingly into that of her companion.

Julian tried in vain to persuade his bride-elect to change her mind, as to dispensing with his escort to the sanatorium. He accompanied her back to luncheon at the little flat in Chelsea, where she and her mother, (who had recently developed alarming chest symptoms), often charmed their friend with homely but recherché little functions.

On the journey home, which the enamoured couple traversed by means of that best of all ways of locomotion in

London—the outside seats of an omnibus—both agreed that in this instance at least "woman's way" was best. The arrangement enabled them to hurry on their final union. Margaret would come back straight to Lady Hargrave's, and the couple would start for their honey-moon from that "second home."

From that time till their final parting, next day, at Victoria Station, the lovers were scarcely separated for a moment, and Mrs. Delamaine discreetly kept her room most of the time.

Julian helped them, as much as possible, in their arrangements for the journey, did not leave the house till past midnight, and joined them at an early breakfast on the following morning. There was so much to do in town, that it was agreed Julian should not even accompany them to Dover. Margaret had said, too, on their parting in the evening, "I would'nt like you to come down to Dover, I could not bear to be on deck as the boat slowly steamed out of harbour—a railway station parting is so much easier, one sharp wrench as the train starts, and then all is over!"

But the parting was not so easy as they anticipated: despite all his efforts to avoid unmanly "scenes," Julian's pocket handkerchief was in use for other purposes than that of waving frantic adieus to the departing travellers! In emotional natures like Julian's the fount of tears is soon reached, and his friends were always chaffing him for what they called "surrexcitability of the lachrimal glands!" In the future, weeping among men may excite less comment, for the "third sex" may surrender us the tears in exchange for our beards! But we must not make a jest of this parting, which was far more solemn and heartrending than the occasion seemed to warrant. Life, however, is so tragic altogether, that we have to call in burlesque sometimes to see us through it. What was really in the mind of each, though they would not own it, even to themselves, was a nameless feeling that they would never meet again. It was this that had prompted them to propose in their childish

lover-like way, that they would say good-bye at Davos by each descending the opposite side of a hill at the same moment! Before the final plans were worked out, it was proposed that Margaret should stay a week or so at the sanatorium, till her mother had "settled in." Having finally yielded to what they knew were Mrs. Delamaine's wishes, viz., for Margaret to return at once, they managed to shake off the presentiment when the Continental train tore them asunder; and the joyful anticipation of the future deadened any lurking suspicion that coming events had really "cast their shadows before."

In a week from their parting Margaret was dead—the hand of the Destroyer had snatched her, so to speak, from the very board at which the nuptial feast was spread.

How little can those, whose lives are uneventful, comprehend the dramas that can be lived through in a few short weeks, by those who seem born to be the sport of changing circumstances!

When the telegram was received announcing that his fiancee had been killed, with one other passenger, in a collision crossing the Channel on her return from the Continent, her lover "said no word that a man might say whose whole life's love goes down in a day," he was simply stunned. He was just going over to Lady Hargrave's to await Margaret's telegram of arrival—he went straight to his bedroom, locked the door, threw himself on his bed and lay in a kind of stupor for hours. When luncheon time passed without her expected guest appearing, his hostess sent off a messenger at once, who returned with news which determined her to go herself to Julian's chambers, with the least possible delay.

We must not linger over the meeting of the two friends, which, indeed, could scarcely be told in adequate language. But Lady Hargrave was perhaps the only person who could have brought light into the dark shadow that hung over the now solitary inmate of those chambers. With her usual luck of being able to propose and carry through the

right thing at the right time, she had an offer of an outing which she induced him to accept as a favor to herself, when it really was an absolute god-send to him. A widowed friend of hers in Scotland had just written to ask her to propose some sportsman to reside in her house for the remainder of the shooting season, and send her the bulk of the game which the estate yielded, in return for free quarters and use of dogs and keepers. Julian at first refused point blank to listen to the proposal, but better feelings at last prevailed, and, indeed, his was scarcely a nature to withstand for very long the requests of a woman to whose Beatrice he had been accustomed to play the part of the poet-philosopher of Florence. But his friend had to use the weapons of scorn, and to tell him straight out that though we all must be stricken down in the dust sometimes, we none of us need lie there. Lady Hargrave "struck while the iron was hot," and having gained his reluctant consent, carried him off in a cab, in a kind of dream, to choose his shooting gear, then helped him to pack, and finally got him off by the night mail to the North.

Three weeks of Highland air did wonders for the stricken man. At the end of that time he felt that he could face the world again, and knew this would have been the wish of the two "dear women who slept," as it was, undoubtedly, of the two living ones, who watched over him so faithfully. He began to cherish a longing desire to see his sister, and renew the old semi-childish relationship. It was under her loving guidance that he began really to assimilate all the strange influences which had been playing on him, and to understand the new dignity which can adorn the human brow, when the crown of thorns has rested there.

Margaret Helmore did not press her brother to go any more into a society which would be now, more than ever, distasteful to him. Indeed, under present circumstances, it would have been indecent to do so: she recognised that for some time he would just want to avoid human eyes. This he could really do better in the quiet surroundings of

his father's home, than anywhere else. Every one here knew, and almost loved him, and their silent sympathy, just ignoring the whole thing, and noticing him as little as possible, was what soothed and strengthened him more than anything else could have done. And his trials had brought out all the dormant religious feeling, which had been kept in abeyance, as is the case with so many at the present day, by philosophic musings on the awful riddles of life, and passionate wanderings why the veil cannot be lifted, just for one moment. Here he could spend hours before the altar, "where he had first sought a glimpse of the glory of his birth-right," alone with Him, who had seen fit to deal so heavy a blow. He loved the little church so dearly too, the architecture that spoke of the matured might of the beloved country in the age of Shakespeare, as did the "Early English" of the fresh young life of the rising nation.

The most remarkable and most triumphant change in our hero's character was the complete conquest of that almost passionate desire to shine among his fellowmen, which had been the chief obstacle to its attainment.

Always more or less of a bookworm and a recluse, even his beloved studies had been clouded by this low aim. He wanted to know "not for knowing's sake, but to become a star to men for ever."

His sister recognised that it was impossible to keep Julian away from his studies now; but the manner of taking them up was changed. Instead of his former fitful flitting from one subject to another, he began an exegetic study of many things—the beloved book always at hand to be taken up at odd moments. A real worker never makes the common excuse that certain studies are of no use to him in his work: he knows that all can be turned to account, and will, after passing through the crucible of the individual intellect, come out as brain power for everything. Philanthropic work was an appropriate relaxation, and pursued with an almost passionate eagerness, in

memory of her who had been his companion in the earlier stages.

Happy they who, when they meet with some shock which seems, for a while, to make the whole world a blank, have natures sufficiently strong and elastic to stand up against the paralysing blow. The sorest trial cannot wholly crush, and often the man finds that the whole current of his life has been changed for the better. Instead of wrapping himself up in selfish sorrow, the whole of his energy is thrown into a new channel—into the pursuit of that which is, instead of that which is not, and which seems.

The failure of all his fondest hopes has killed desire, and, never too eager, always at his best, the man is truly himself and compels the Earth to yield up her treasures.

Thus does a wise Providence overrule to our benefit, the trials which we so dread; and, (to vary a little the Scriptural aphorism), the things which should have been for our falling, become to us an occasion of health.

Our attention is now claimed by another love-story, which has been going on *pari passu* with the events we have been considering, and can only have been guessed at from hints and allusions scattered throughout the preceding narrative.

As stated in the introductory chapter, this story will be told by the principal personage concerned, in her own words.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM MISS MARGARET HELMORE
TO
MISS VIOLET MURCHISON, ATHENS.

I am simply bubbling over with new ideas, and must pour them out to somebody: you will wonder at my change of style, but I will try and put words that are not my own in commas of quotation.

It has come! the crisis in my life for which I have been waiting all these years! How I have longed for it—prayed for it—waited for it! And now at last my dreams are realised, but in a manner far surpassing the wildest of them. My life is transformed—I had almost written transfigured—as in a moment, and can never be the same again! I must always carry in my heart the "something that pricks and stirs within," and can never relapse into the aimless, purposeless existence I have led till now. You will be astonished at all this, but when you know the influences which have been brought to bear upon me, during the last few weeks, you will cease to wonder. How often during the Resurrection season (which has been so to me as well as to the World in more senses than one,) have I felt a kind of presentiment of what has come to pass! As I have knelt at the Altar, or in the old pew, and tried to realize what it really means to say "Thy will be done" from the heart, to feel that *whatever* His will, you would bow to it and make it your own, how many a silent voiceless prayer have I tried to send up to the Throne for some special help! In the past there seemed to be no answer to my re-iterated petitions to be shown how to find my way to Heaven in my daily life, to bear the dull depressing commonplace of the daily task without being crushed by it, and to feel that

"Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws
Makes that, and the action, fine."

But lately I have seemed to hear an answer—a kind of voice has spoken to me in the song of birds, in the rising sun, in the evening peace settling down on a stormy day, in the scent of flowers, and in the joyous flight of bee and butterfly.

And then the old weight has come back with still greater power to crush, and I have said in my blindness and faithlessness, "there is no voice nor any to answer; I will no longer be led astray by these Will-o'-the-Wisp lights"; I cannot continue—I have said words and thought thoughts which I should be ashamed to put on paper, even though no eyes but yours should have the chance to rest on them.

And now all is changed. "Henceforward all things wear a different hue."

You will be calling me a female prig, and I think really until I have assimilated these new influences I shall be one! But at the risk of being laughed at by you, I must detail how they affect me every moment of the day.

I rise in the morning, and instead of a feeling of despondency coming over me at the prospect of that ceaseless conflict with "the laws of nature" which the base vulgar do call "the toilet," I feel rather to look forward to it, and long to see if I have made any progress over yesterday.

I know the blind will not go up straight if I pull it crooked, that the water will certainly tumble on the floor if I pour it out too hastily, and that the carpet will assuredly be burnt if I drop coal on it, but I don't allow these things to depress me. By-the-bye why does not somebody invent a blind which will *not* go up crooked, a looking glass which will remain in the position in which you want it, a jug which will pour out without spilling, a pair of tongs which will hold the coal instead of allowing it to slip out, a butter-knife which will remain in the dish, and an easy chair which will fit into your angles and really make you comfortable! By-the-bye, too, I wonder if people in general do *not* feel the little nastinesses and worries of the toilet to be a burden, or if they are ashamed to confess what they consider a

weakness! You will see that I am descending from my pedestal, and becoming flippant; but I do not mean to be so: these little worries are to me a source of more real unhappiness than I care to confess, and I cannot help wanting to know if I sin in good company! if there are others who would sympathise with me in such a disclosure, or whether I stand absolutely alone in my feebleness! But I must return to the serious part of my recital, after this small attempt at alleviation. Let me go back again over the old ground—of which I shall never tire, though I fear to weary you. Till that eventful day when *he* came on to my small stage (I must put the pronoun at last, though you will divine I have been shying at it all this while) how dull and uneventful my life; as passed one day, so passed a hundred. Never having been to school, I was, and am, an absolute ignoramus as to all that other girls know and think about love and marriage. A man has been nothing to me but a *bon* (or *mauvais*!) *camarade*, and therefore the most fruitful source of change and event in other girls lives has been absent in my case. My short visits to London roused me perhaps to a temporary enthusiasm about music, art, and literature; but it was too feeble to withstand the malaria of our sleepy hollow, and I soon sank again into the torpor of my old life. But now not only do I come back with the conviction that, if the little daily worries that make the near future so dark to many a small heart, are welcomed as a real worker always welcomes difficult work, with joy, they are robbed of more than half their sting; but I am beginning to see another lesson for myself, a larger one that comprehends everything, the lesson that your own circumstances, at the time, must be the best for you. Besides it is best for your education to be in a "sleepy hollow," rather than in that whirl of society which I have so often coveted.

You need never be in a hurry—never run bustling breathlessly after time (a mistake which gives the small worries most of their power to hurt), but content to do things with

the "slowness that makes them sweet and strong." This introduces the subject of my education, and I must tell you how it is to go on in the future—for, of course, *he* has taken it in hand. I hope to be always one of those who are "not too old but they may learn," always at it in fact, though it will be a little irksome occasionally I can see.

Still I will never again be like those foolish boys and girls who, on leaving school or college, dismiss their studies—the best part ot their lives—just when they are getting old enough to get some good from them—old enough to understand what education means (here speaks the prig again, but I love prigs,—he says the world calls him one)! His theory is that our position in the future life depends upon the use we make of our opportunities here, because the Creator desires the worship of the highest trained human-being that can be produced. Psalm-singing, therefore, is nowhere, and self-culture is all. Am I degenerating into flippancy again? His idea of education for women is not what you would call "up-to-date," and might even be as he would say "stigmatised as retrogressive. "He disapproves of girls learning Latin and Greek, and Mathematics, and generally competing in the same "arena" with their brothers.

The mission of woman is to beautify the world, and, with such an end, she should devote her attention to the lighter sides of culture. Two or three modern languages with a thorough knowledge of the literature of each, an art with the history thereof, and as much history as possible is the general curriculum. To this is to be added the broad results of Science in all its branches, taught, not technically, but simply, like the astronomy and physical science to be found in the works of Richard Proctor.

But where such knowledge, suitable for the "general reader" or "the man in the street" is to be found is, I may remark in passing, another matter. Is it that those who know do not desire the man in the street to share their "esoteric culture," and therefore will only write in lan-

guage to be understood by an expert? I believe that Proctor's works were not well received by the world of knowledge at first, and said to be "beneath the dignity of Science."

I must return to myself, that darling theme, or you will say that the female prig is incoherent as well as "transcendental." My special art is of course music, and revolutionary are the ideas that are being instilled into me with reference to it. First of all I had a fearful scolding because my volume of the Beethoven Sonatas was uncut, except at the "Pathétique," the "Moonlight," the "Grand," and the "Waldstein," the four that I have been working at with my master. In future I am to study Musical literature generally, instead of "pieces," and in particular not to rest until I have got at least a fair knowledge of every important work for my instrument by a classical composer. Then the "Forty-eight" are to be my daily bread, and to take largely the place of exercises. At this I am only too delighted—dear old John Sebastian Bach unfolds new beauties to you every hour you devote to him, and the freedom from "Etudes" is delightful. But the study of musical literature is not all joy, because you have to wade through compositions which are unworthy of their authors, if it be not rank treason to say so. One of the results of my new culture is to make me most extraordinarily independent in opinion. I am beginning to pass new and startling criticisms on every subject under the sun. On one subject I have been obstinate and that is on this same subject of "pieces." I have refused to give them up altogether, because I think one should always make one's accomplishments minister to the enjoyment of one's fellow-creatures.

My languages are up-hill work I fear, though I have chosen all three, in my determination to be among the "fools who rush in," for to my thinking they have a much better time than the "angels who fear to tread!"

My History is even worse, though we are working away at a royal road to learning it, on which I will enlighten you

in my next letter if I can. But all the same the whole thing is cram full of delight to me—a full and intense life is opening out to me, to which my former one seems a kind of doll's existence, with no meaning and no purpose.

The only thing that is making me grieve a little, is the rarity of intellectual companionship in the "Hollow." For "We" have developed a new theory of human intercourse. Conversation should be a kind of intellectual Badminton: you send me an idea clothed in such apparel as you please — I am perhaps dissatisfied with your dressing, and send the thing back to you with modifications: you again remodel *my* work, and finally we reach a form which satisfies us both, and, it may be, serves as a slight addition to our stock of knowledge.

Of course, for this to be a successful process in the pursuit of truth, it is necessary to come into contact with as many minds as possible. And moreover they must be minds capable of comprehending "what is the length and breadth and height," and where are they to be found in the "Hollow"? Since I have found my "pearl of great price" I am happy and content to go on in my circle, but I feel it cannot be good for me. I ought to get outside it, to come into contact with new thoughts, new methods, and new points of view. Perhaps I want to meet new faiths, new enthusiasms and new difficulties which I may even help to conquer. One must, I suppose, wait patiently, and I am sure the prospect of what the future may bring almost takes one's breath away.

I feel as if we were only at the beginning of things—do not the prospects of extended human intercourse, the revelations of the higher music, and of the starry heavens speak to one of undreamt of possibilities? On this theory of extended human intercourse is grafted a new theory of marriage. Husband and wife are to be all in all to each other, but they are to suck the sweetness out of others in order to share it together. Each, I presume, is to be allowed unrestrained intercourse with persons of the other sex.

It strikes me as being a little dangerous, but I suppose it is all right! I am perhaps old-fashioned and prudish. There is to be no such thing as jealousy—each partner is to be pleased and happy that the other is appreciated and admired, because knowing all the while that the inner heart and life is kept for him or her alone.

I must tell you, *a propos* of extended human intercourse, that Arthur is the Secretary or President of a new kind of Club, the object of which is, to afford social opportunities to the numerous waifs and strays of aristocratic or middle-class humanity to be found in "Babylon."

I think the idea is simply magnificent, but of course you will say I am a blind admirer of all his ideas! I think that the opposition they meet with is simply due to the fact that they are nearly all of them ahead of the age—"A bit too previous"—as you, wicked one, would doubtless say. But all such benevolent projects find prepared ground with me. I have often walked down street after street of unfashionable London, and thought of the lives the inhabitants must lead—wondering in my silly yearnings after Philanthropy, whether I should ever be in a position to take to each one the thing his or her soul was longing for, and whether it would be good for them to have their heart's desire! And most of all have I wondered whether they would be happy when they got it. Yet how many isolated individuals must there be in those habitations, eating out their hearts for want of a little sympathetic human intercourse—all their potentialities of progress (the prig again with her propensity for polysyllables) blighted for want of it. Naturally if these people cannot get improving society, they will take to that which is of the reverse order, which Arthur says (though I don't exactly know what he means) is as ready to welcome everyone with open arms, as the other is to drive away the timorous claimant for admission into its charmed circle.

A. says there is no section of humanity so narrow-minded as the *creme de la creme* of London Society. They move in a

vicious circle with standards set for them by some unknown force, to which they bow unconsciously, and worst of all they glory in their isolation.

But curiously enough the greatest opposition to the scheme is experienced from those for whom it is especially intended. Nothing, of course, angers people so much as an attempt to do them good. I suppose too, it is natural for people to resent the insinuation that they have no circle of friends, and need the intervention of outsiders to provide them with social advantages. It is certainly true that Arthur has lost heavily by the Club, and it is uncertain whether it will not have to be given up. The same may be said of his Working-girls' Club, the object of which is, to provide each "Young lady" with a sweetheart passed and approved by the Committee as a safe person for her to "walk out" with ! ! The young men are awful, so shy, and appearing not to desire the society of the opposite sex. "We" think, that they ought to "walk out" with some-[redacted]even if it leads to nothing, it keeps them out of mischief. If they intend matrimony they pass on to the next stage, "keeping company" ! I have learned some such curious things about courtship among the lower classes. The girls despise men engaged in housework, and such sweethearts as draper's assistants, whom they consider effeminate. But they will actually *pay* a six-foot guardsman to walk out with them ! Personally I hope most sincerely that the Club will survive. I have enjoyed several visits to it with Arthur, immensely, and have played "intellectual Badminton" with some of the waifs it has had the good fortune to attract, to my endless satisfaction. I suppose I feel flattered by the deference with which they all treat me.

How delightful is intercourse with inferiors ! ! They are always on their best behaviour, whilst one's own class *is not*, now-a-days ; I suppose an indirect result of the disuse of duelling.

I am certainly surprised at the deep-thinking minds which many of these unfortunates possess.

I say "unfortunates," for unless the scheme has more support than it has received so far from society, it will not do much for them.

It is wonderful what deep reading, refined criticism and highly cultured minds, are to be found among many of these "flowers born to blush unseen." How grateful and refreshing would their naive unhackneyed conversation prove to jaded society, wearied of hearing its members talk of themselves, their friends and enemies, what they have done, are doing, and are going to do!

How would they profit by the opportunities which Society generally presents from time to time, of meeting the great minds of the Age, though, of course, it is but rarely that these will waste their time at its functions. Verily this world is unequally ordered, but in the next will not all these inequalities be removed, and there be no wealth, no rank, no sex, no distance of any kind to mar the free play of soul on soul?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

But now I must give you my account of the Tschaikowsky concert. It was the first of a series designed to enable the public to make better acquaintance with all the great Master's works. Each concert has to begin with the Opus numbers taken regularly in chronological order, and finishes up with some well-known and favourite work of the Master under representation, as a kind of compensation for attention to the previous part. What a funny people we are—there was a devout couple in front of us pouring over the Orchestral score of the Pathétique (for of course the glorious symphony was chosen as the *piece compensatrice* of the first concert). I don't think they could have understood what a score was, for they apparently took the music for the first and second violins as the whole of the symphony, and had not got to the end of the first page, when they should have finished the tenth or so! I hope it is not wicked of me, but I cannot help thinking that the score was intended to impose on their friends, and gain them a brevet reputation for æsthetic taste!!

I came into the concert-room in a strange state of mental flutter. Would you believe it, dear, he actually made a remark from which I gathered that he thought my dress too low! It was the greatest shock I ever had in my life, and I felt as if I wished the earth to "open and swallow me up, anywhere, anywhere away from human eyes." And as for that blush—I'm sure I did not lose it during the whole of dinner. We dined at the Langham, so as to walk over the way into the Queen's Hall. The worst of it was that when I looked into the glass in the ladies' dressing-room at the Hotel, I saw that there was some ground

for the criticism (if it was intended). Perhaps it was only my absurd sensitiveness, importing meanings into remarks which they were never intended to bear. This incident has opened up a whole world of new ideas to me. I begin to understand allusions and remarks made to me which had always puzzled me. You know I have never even thought of such things before—I have taken my bodices just as the dressmaker sent them, and never looked at them from this point of view. Oh, why didn't Queen Victoria introduce a soberer fashion, instead of being so fondly attached to décolleté costumes!

He was awfully good during dinner, soothed and mollified me to the best of his ability, and when the time came for us to go over to the Hall, I had almost recovered my equanimity; but I kept my opera cloak on the whole evening, and was terribly hot in consequence. I was able however to enjoy and appreciate the "bonne bouche" of the evening, and actually to start a new idea about it. His idea is that the composer meant to express in sound the hopeless pessimism which oppressed him, and that in working at the Symphony it got so on his mind, that it lost its balance and he committed suicide, the usual tale about cholera being an invention of his friends. My notion is that the concluding movement is only a kind of funeral march—the world mourning for the loss of its hero, whose career is depicted in the preceding parts. Don't you think this is a more cheerful "programme" than the other? But whatever its meaning, the work is a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever"—it is indeed a gospel of Art to hear such things, and after a few repetitions to feel that they are beginning to speak to you, and that you hear a kind of answering voice, right down in that "inner consciousness" which is the seat of all these "transcendental" ideas. Arthur says he is coming round to the opinion that Tschaikowsky is a man of one work, for such things as the "Casse noisette" did not require a Tschaikowsky to write them, but the composer of a glorious work like the "Pathétique" must ever

be a hero for me. How I do rattle on! I expect I shall get a lathering from my dear friend in her reply to this, and am beginning to steel myself to bear it. But before finishing, I must give you an account of a novel sort of party we went to. Our hostess had contrived to get the permission of the Ranger to enclose a portion of Kensington Gardens, and we took partners as for a dance, and went into a shady corner for a "solitude a deux"!

I think the idea is an excellent one, but I could not help wondering whether Arthur suggested it—it is in some ways so like him! It would possibly facilitate the "making of marriages"—so few are finally accomplished during the London season, because people of opposite sexes have so few opportunities of confidential talk.

How can they find out each other's character in a London crush! The intervals between dances are the longest times they get together, and they are too excited and too exhausted to talk nicely. Then at a ball people are always looking after, and at, other people, and do not always devote themselves to their partner in singleness of heart. At these parties you are told to fancy that the world holds only one person, that is, after you have done one or two duty sits out, for then you are allowed to choose your own partner, and sit with him till the end, if so inclined. I heard one cynical person remark that these parties would make marriage still more unpopular, because if people saw too much of each other, they would never venture on it! Of course we had two jolly sits out, though I had to go out with two detrimental young men (I mean from the conversational point of view). I must have given them something new to think about. I am sure they must be saying they never met such a strange girl in their lives!

I talked music and Art *at* them incessantly, and they hardly got in a word. I don't think they understood what I was talking about in the least—perhaps it was all nonsense! We talked *out* the little contretemps of the previous evening (it was the afternoon after the concert). It is so nice

that he interprets my looks, and insists upon "worrying" out and getting to the bottom of everything. I am far too timid and hyper-sensitive to speak, and we might go on from bad to worse. He explained to me in a long lecture *why* he was so particular about evening dress, and I fully agree with him. I should take another three volume novel to explain, dear. You must wait to hear about it all in a future letter, though you ought to know! I shall have all my evening bodices altered, though perhaps hidden deep away in my heart is a little scrap of regret that I can no longer display my shoulders—you remember how ridiculously vain I always was of them! Oh woman! woman! why will you risk losing the greatest charm of your sex, in the blind thirst for admiration?

But I feel now that even my face is appropriated; mankind in general has no longer any claim to look upon it.

After tea some of us played games at a big round table. One was a new game, "Definitions", and as we all go in more or less for intellectuality, some of the definitions were really good—here are a few specimens.

Philanthropy:—An attempt to give what is bad for them to people who don't want it.

Courage:—A consciousness that there is no danger.

Fortitude:—A patient bearing of the sorrows of others.

A strong man:—One who gets wrong ideas and sticks to them.

Impossibility:—That which you do not want to do.

Generosity:—Willingness to give to others what you do not want yourself.

A wise man:—One who has sense enough to know that he is a fool.

A Conservative:—One who wishes to preserve everything that is bad.

A Liberal:—One who wishes to destroy everything that is good.

A clock:—Time in a striking attitude with his hands before his face.

In "Question, answer and observation," I regret to say that Arthur and I were always "spotted," as they wickedly said, by our long words and "high falutin" language. But if she takes my advice, my dear friend will follow our example with the least possible delay, and allow no one to laugh her out of it. Use long words fearlessly, if they express your ideas better than short ones.

For the rest, our life has been too utterly monotonous to need description—the usual round of dreary dinners, and still drearier crushes—how ever I could have longed for such things I cannot imagine. I am always longing to get back to my dear studies now. Of course I have to be taken round and presented to all Arthur's relations. I try very hard to be demure and "proper", but I fear I fail most lamentably. I cannot help coming out with what is bubbling up in my heart sometimes, and then I know they put me down as a "new woman", or at least, as bold, unfeminine and conceited.

Now give me as long a letter as I deserve for this—don't scold me too much, and try to join me as soon as ever you can. Yes, come and join us. We have got the Talisman, the philosopher's stone that turns dust to gold. Never can "Ennui" have any more portion in my life. Oh, to be useful to the unfortunates who, in such large numbers, people our beautiful world with unbeautiful querulous human beings! This is what Arthur says of them :—"With an exaggerated idea of what they want, and a diminished idea of what they can do—making themselves and all who surround them miserable instead of joyous—getting into progressive stages of indolence, forgetting that bad habits increase in geometrical progression, and fondly hoping that they can regain lost ground when they choose to exert themselves—the power of exertion becoming all the while atrophied and paralysed. Hating and resenting anything like criticism, until the self-ignorance which they have produced by this repulsion of what they ought to court has become abyssmal, colossal, stupendous, appalling.

The power and opportunity of suppressing the beast and developing the deity in themselves has been lost. The great lesson of life to accept your character and submit to the trials which are to improve it—pushed aside."

* * * * *

I am in such a flutter. Arthur is standing for a distant constituency in one of the Northern Counties, and is confident of getting in, as he has money and is backed by influential people. I, of course, think he is bound to get in on his own merits.

P.S.—I just put in a scrap to say Arthur has been returned by an overwhelming majority. "Juchse"! as Goethe would say—don't say I'm trying to remind you of the fact that I study German literature?

Isn't it awful! I actually have dared to say I think Goethe an over-rated man! What shall I be doing next!

I forgot also to tell you of another novelty that A. has started in London Society: it is called a "Hyde Park Society." The only rules are that you promise to be at a certain place in the Park, at a certain time, on a certain day or days in the month. It is an excellent idea, for it enables you to pay twenty or thirty calls in half an hour, as meeting at the trysting place is to be taken as a call. Then if you meet anyone interesting at a party, you can ask them to join the Society, and thus be sure of meeting them again.

Mind you don't forget to tell me all about Greece! Arthur has written such an interesting article on "Athens in the Age of Pericles" in the "New Review." One passage just rings in my ears like a "subject" of Beethoven's. "It was indeed an age of marvel. The old civilisation of Asia had reached the period of decrepitude and the mantle had to be cast on the shoulders of a new prophet-nation. In the East the human race was already showing signs of senility, but in Europe both the chosen nation and the world were young, and the fresh vigor of the new life expressed itself in a thousand concrete forms of visible beauty. The

great ideas that have so revolutionised humanity breathe not only from the marble of Phidias and the canvass of Praxiteles, but reverberate in our ears from the famous Hall which witnessed the deliberations of the great statesmen, who raised their country to such a pinnacle of glory !"

Don't laugh at me too much ! And remember I want to know whether Greece is really dead, as Byron says, or whether it may be expected to bloom again—whether as A. says "a Hellenic Renaissance" is to be looked for.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM

ARTHUR TOYNBEE, Esq., M. P.,

TO

SIR PHILLIMORE DRACO, K.C.S.I.,

Legal Member of Council to the Viceroy of India.

I must write you a few lines (or pages they will become I know before I stop), dear old fellow, to tell you of my engagement, and one or two other things which may interest you about your old friend.

I am not altogether happy about my engagement. I have won the dearest girl in all the world, and the best, and one who fulfils or almost fulfils my impossible ideal of what a woman ought to be. But I feel as if I were a fraud. She takes my hobbies for inspired notions, and altogether places me on too high a pedestal. She feels the deepest interest in, and expects me to be enthusiastic about things which I have persevered in, and am persevering in, long after I have lost faith in them, only out of "pure cussedness" as you would say, and because I will not own anything I have begun to be a mistake.

You, who know my real character, are prepared for these revelations, but I *dare* not unmask myself before her, for I fear to lose her esteem. I must indeed apologise for having been so long in sending this promised letter: the last few months have been so eventful even for me. My engagement and then my election have occupied every moment of my time. I do not expatiate on getting into the House, for from my position in the Votes Office, and as Private Secretary to a Cabinet Minister, I seem to have been so long connected with politics, that the sudden elevation to the right of passing beyond the Bar, has come as no surprise. I certainly never expected the overwhelm-

ing majority which I succeeded in obtaining, but as the Opposition candidate was only run as a test, I had always regarded myself as virtually a member, as soon as the idea of my standing was first mooted.

My maiden speech has been on an unimportant subject, but on the whole it was well received, and now my first important appearance on the "Floor" may be in reference to your India: I have been hearing all about it, of course, from her brother, who has been eight years out there.

I may take it up in the House after all. I think there is a crying need for some one to look after the country lest it should be made the sport of Party Politics, and if it cannot fall to worthier hands than mine, I may as well undertake the task. I gather from Julian that he expects a catastrophe soon, and after that has happened will be the best time to take up the subject, because the nation will be in the mood to listen. It seems a sad thing to look forward to, but, as far as I can judge from the teachings of history, England has never been so prosperous as after her catastrophes, nor so low down in the scale of European reputation as after her successes: so that my attitude may not be so unpatriotic as it may seem at first sight. You will be able to guess beforehand what line I shall take on this question—the same line which I have always taken on every public question, and which generally ends in my finding myself in a glorious minority of one! Of course I know the role that I attempt to play is an impossible one, and will someday, not far distant, be the death of my parliamentary career. To do what is right at all hazards and all costs, to bow down to no graven image, and utterly to refuse to enter the House of Rimmon—such an impossible and quixotic platform can have but one end, and that is, to collapse and break into a thousand fragments under the unfortunate feet of the misguided politician who attempts to tread it. The heart-rending contrast, too, between one's own private life and these lofty sentiments, is a constant source of grief and heartburning, but I suppose it is better

to have ideals which you do not act up to, than not to possess them at all. At all events these are the only lines on which I can take up any subject, and I shall have to adhere to them. I am in a different position to most people: my money gives me the opportunity of being eccentric, and even running the risk of an inquiry "de lunatico" without serious consequences.

* * * * * *

While I have been writing this I have heard that my bride-elect has decided to go to India with her brother, and she sails almost immediately! On the whole, I am not sorry for this delay; it will give her time to look into the recesses of her own heart, and see if she really wishes to fulfil the promise she has made to me. Each day shows me more and more that I am not worthy of her. The very fact of an impending separation (for at least a year, if not more) which has filled her with sorrow, has left me almost unmoved.

In fact, I really think I feel more or less glad—the constant effort to appear better than I am, has been most wearing and distasteful to me. Whether I should end in time by becoming the noble character this sweet woman takes me for, I cannot tell, but I am of too straightforward a nature to enjoy the perpetual acting which the role involves. If I have a virtue, it is that of straightforwardness, but I somehow or other cannot nerve myself to unmasking before her. She would not believe me if I did, and perhaps one may be shamed after all into becoming what one is fancied to be.

But to return to India; I feel more than ever "cussed" in this position that I am going to take up. I believe personally that we are doing all that can be expected of us towards that country, and that the cry of the so-called patriots is absolutely absurd. We have given India a settled Government, and considering her previous condition, she has already prospered by leaps and bounds. We cannot be expected to do more: we want to sit tight, and let

the land have rest: stimulate education as much as possible and avoid legislation, and do everything we can to prevent unnecessary contact between the corrupt native officials and the people. To do more would only be interpreted as weakness, and everything that is wanted will come by time. And yet here am I deliberately taking up the position of a Jeremiah—a prophet of evil things against my country, for having failed in her duty towards the Dependency! Our Government of India has certainly caused injury to the country in many ways: as for instance in the industries which we have destroyed. But these injuries were inevitable: they could not be avoided if we were to govern the country at all. Again, we get a large measure of advantages from India, it is true. Our Army, for instance, is largely paid by her, and the constant little wars give the finest possible training to our officers. But it is quite right that we should be compensated for all that we have endured for the sake of the country, and if we do sometimes decide questions in which English and Indian interests conflict, in our own favour, it is scarcely fair to expect matters to be otherwise.

We try to govern on the basis of free thought and speech, and of law, and in due time the interests of the people will be sufficiently protected without their being taken up by meddlesome humanitarians and other faddists. The task of Government is difficult enough without the interference of these officious benefactors, whose vagaries almost tend to make it impossible at times. How the Government tolerates them among its own ranks, is what beats me, and actually allows itself to be abused by its own officers! Holding these views as I do, I more than ever wonder at myself for taking the part of the busy-bodies. But I see they want a representative, they don't know how to state their own case, and it may help to bring about the result which is most to be desired, that of their final collapse, if their case is fairly stated and then demolished.

One reform I do see to be very necessary—our adminis-

tration is too costly for the country to bear. It is this which more than anything else produces periodical famines. It is, of course, absurd to contend that distress is ever caused by anything but poverty; has an Anglo-Indian official with a good salary ever starved, or even fared less sumptuously every day, during a famine? But how a reform is to be brought about in this respect, it is not easy to see. Perhaps the reformers are more disinterested than we take them to be, and fancy themselves to be genuine champions of the oppressed, in which case they deserve more serious attention.

I really am very anxious—sometimes I think too anxious—to see the other side of every question, and in reference to the East, I have of course a more open mind than on European subjects.

My political platform for home is, as you know, generally considered a bundle of fads, and yet I cannot see my way to modifying it materially. A partial concession of female suffrage with the object of bringing to bear the sound moral sense of women on politics—plurality of votes and an educational franchise to exercise a kind of restricting influence in the opposite direction. Why should you, a "Double First," and writing half a dozen letters of distinction after your name, have no more share in the choice of the leaders of the Nation, than the illiterate and probably vicious loafer, who haunts the doors of the nearest gin-shop? Have the advocates of "One man one vote" ever thought if an uneducated person is really a man at all, or not rather a dangerous description of "human beast," ready to be led off in throngs, all powerful for evil, by the demagogue or orator who possesses the power of appealing to their passions and emotions? By-the-bye, this reminds me that I might add to another plank of my political platform (compulsory military training in schools) the acquisition of the art of public speaking by every schoolboy. This, supplemented by the true appreciation of the value of money, and the advantage of saving it by going without

things as a habit, in order to spend with no niggard hand when occasion requires, might qualify every young Briton to be a real power in the land.

While on the subject of the Army, I might add that of course my scheme for War Office Reform includes the abolition of Civilian control, because in this instance the necessary subordination of sword to pen is obtained by other means. The Secretary of State must always be a soldier, and the Commander-in-Chief must be consulted in his appointment. There is also the encouragement of the Voluntary Forces by special social privileges for their officers, and, a minor detail, the protection of London by armoured trains. I have not made up my mind on the difficult question of the permanent officials. Of course they act as a check on the evils of Party Government, and in this respect, fulfil a most important function. Besides, we could not have a Minister, liable to be removed at any moment on promotion even if his Party stayed in, attempting to run his show without some such help. Some continuity in our counsels is certainly required. Why do we never have a policy? Is it not because of the fact that those in authority cannot make up their minds what policy will suit the personal and Party exigencies of the hour? Do not Imperial interests suffer from this vacillation, and does it not lead to the sacrifice of human life and happyness.

We blame Russia and similar Powers for selfish indifference to anything but their own interests, but they are at least consistent, while the absolute certainty of "drift" in British politics often causes untold misery.

But the most important of my schemes is one which you might surely introduce into a country like India where the population is so plastic. I mean the systematic coercion of professional criminals. Here in England people are so impressed by the obsession of *liberty*—which means bondage for the many—that it will be long ere I can command the necessary backing of instructed public opinion

on this point. The Britisher thinks that if a man wants to take up crime as his profession, he must be free to do so; his acts in this direction can only be coerced *ex post facto*. Enter a public car in London and you will probably see an advertisement by some such body as the Burglary Protection Association (which only places a premium on professional crime) which illustrates what I mean. If you had seventy-five thousand deadly snakes wandering about the streets of the city, you would kill them, not advertise about them. The very advertisement indicates the ease with which these gentlemen could be dealt with—they are all "known to the Police," and to call upon them to find substantial security for good behaviour would be the easiest thing in the world, and would soon end in their reform or incarceration. Crime wants treating in reference to the offender, and not, as we treat it, in reference to the offence.

The system would have to be supplemented by the institution of a kind of "Ateliers Nationaux," where the enemy of Society could show the genuine nature of his desire to reform by working at some craft, under more or less strict supervision. On passing out of these establishments with a good character, private employers would surely be ready to supplement the good work, by giving the repentant sinner one more chance for an honest life.

Personally, I believe that some such system is also necessary for the behoof of the really honest worker, who for some reason or another is unable to obtain employment, and who, if persistently unsuccessful, has always a tendency to join the ranks of those who prey upon their fellow-creatures.

But this is a detail of comparative insignificance beside the main issue.

Now admit that when I do write, I give you something to think about, and give me in return some details of that gorgeous East which so fired your imagination when you went out.

I was anxious that you should understand what I was trying to do, as you must have forgotten all about my principles in your new surroundings.

I have forgotten one item of my programme—the consultative Councils for the Crown Colonies.

Hitherto, Downing Street has had it all its own way, with results often disastrous. It is not a case of the majority having no voice, and being unable to control the vicious minority. It is the exclusion of a minority, specially qualified to speak, from all share in the management of countries in which they have enormous stakes. Trade is popularly supposed to follow the flag, but in reality commerce is usually the pioneer, and the flag follows *it*. The idea is that the merchants and others who know the Colonies, should at least be represented, without necessarily co-operating in their Government, and their opinion should always be on record in reference to every important legislative or administrative measure.

I should be glad if you could do anything for Julian ; he is an excellent fellow at bottom, although his ideas are somewhat visionary and unpractical. He has just been living through a brief love-story with a double tragedy in it, and the result has been that he has thrown the whole force of his character into his work, and you may depend upon him to put duty first, and inclination afterwards.

Now give me such a letter as I deserve for this, and tell me whether you think my ideas on Indian affairs are sound. I have a notion that you will tell me that an Oriental will always be an Oriental, that he always will be discontented, and that extreme notions of abstract right, justice, and equality, are absolutely inapplicable to the East.

CHAPTER X.

FROM

MISS MARGARET HELMORE,

TO

MISS VIOLET MURCHISON. (*Athens.*)

Suez, December 1st.

I think my last letter to you announced my engagement, and here I am, more than two thousand miles away from my future husband, and going to be away from him for a whole year, perhaps longer. How it all came about so suddenly I really don't know, but Julian has been very unwell for a long time past, and I really did not feel justified in allowing him to go back to India alone.

He wants a companion, and someone to do little worrying things for him which have an effect upon people of his nature (which is very like what my own was) out of all proportion to their intrinsic difficulty. I am as strong as I can possibly be physically, now, and I have quite got over my old aversion to doing the little worrying things, in fact I rather rejoice in them. I am continually testing myself, to see what progress I have made in this department of self-conquest, and I rejoice in noting the really substantial strides I have accomplished, as I told you in my last letter.

You know too how I used to mourn over the feeling of not being a fitting companion for Julian. Since my great awakening and his great sorrow, I feel this deficiency less. I have made so much progress in many departments of self-culture that I am conscious of new intellectual powers, and of a sort of fitness for conversation with him, on some at least of the topics which he loves best. His work will lie for some time to come in such a lonely place, that it is absolutely necessary for his well-being that he should have companionship. For some years back he has been cultivating the mind at the expense of the body, and I am really sometimes frightened about him.

He will never marry I fear, after all that has happened His heart will never be won away again from those detestable studies which have been the bane of his life. You will be surprised at my using such expressions anent my own favourite pursuits. But I am so absolutely strong and healthy, I can stand anything. Julian is all brain and nerves and has no physique; he wants an entirely open air life. How he has stood India so far is a mystery to me, and as soon as I learned of this lonely existence which is to be his for the next year or so, I made up my mind that my duty was to go with him, and here I am *en route* for the land of the rising Sun. You will think me even more strange than ever, though I will try to explain later on, but now that the partings are over, I feel so glad I have come, for both our sakes. Julian is all day pouring over books on Oriental subjects, and I cannot get him away from them except for our evening walk before dinner, when we promenade the deck for an hour, and he tells me what he has been reading about all day. As the reading takes place on the deck in the open air, I don't so much mind, but I wish he would "frivol" like the others, all the same. What a little microcosm is an outward-bound steamer! They tell me P. & O. passengers are at their best in the outward-bound, and the reverse in the homeward-bound steamers. The reason is, the home-crew are either ill or tired, and outward-bound are either refreshed and renovated by the sojourn at home, or else determined to make the best of life when their faces are turned "the wrong way," as the Indian phrase has it. But I must say the ugly side of human nature is pre-eminently displayed in a ship. Jealousy largely vitiates and spoils the life of the majority. To be in daily and hourly contact with people who do things better than you do, is trying to all but the most saintly character. I wonder whether I have been like this all my life without knowing it! I certainly never could have believed the extent to which I myself have been a prey to this jealousy. It has been music in which I have been so

keenly sensible of my deficiencies on this voyage ; at home I have been always in the first place, in this respect, or nearly always so, and when I did light upon a superior, it was only for a few hours, and it was no great task to subordinate oneself then. But I have now been shut up with two great musicians for ten days, a violinist and a pianist, and I feel myself sadly left out in the cold. Every night they play the most delicious music : the Beethoven sonatas (do you know the last in the book ? The minuet and trio sound like a voice from heaven), Mozart's somewhat simple ones, and all sorts of classical music arranged for the two instruments. I could play his accompaniments better in some ways than she, but I fail in left-hand passages, (Oh ! that I had taken up John Sebastian Bach earlier !) and he hates to have any part of the accompaniment slurred over. And so I have been obliged to give place ! I am sorry to say the jealousy I feel almost spoils my enjoyment of the beautiful music. I am beside myself with shame to find it so. I never would have believed that I should be guilty of such silly and reprehensible feelings, but then I never had the experience before.

Ten days with nothing compulsory to do, and always meeting the same people, this brings out all the latent evil of one's nature. I think there is much profit to be had from the revelation, if one gains the power of analysis of motive, and of tracing the secret springs of one's actions, and the real roots of one's attractions and repulsions. I am much amused at noticing how utterly different Julian is to the rest of the people on board. He does not mix with them, as he is wrapped up in those dreadful books— but if he did, he is simply bound to be misunderstood, and that would cause him pain, so I am glad in a way.

I see that I am one of those people who want compulsory occupation for their happiness, and are not able to make employment for themselves. And alas ! I am not able to derive pleasure from watching others do things ; I want to be doing them myself. This is also making me very sad,

for I think it is so weak to need these extraneous influences for one's happiness, *not* to be a law to oneself, *not* to be self-contained.

How will one ever get on in the future life where there is to be no work, we are told? "The sweat of thy brow" (either brain or body labor) is certainly one of the components of the curse. But I am forgetting the lovely scenery in this morbid introspection. In this enjoyment of scenery at least I feel that I can hold my own. I have been so angry with those passengers who are buried in their novels just as we are passing the beauty spots. What a delicious air we have been breathing in the Suez Canal, and how grand a work is the Canal itself! The air is like a draught of Champagne, and disposes one to take a kindly view of the work and its author. How few English people seem to appreciate Lesseps—is it not solely because he is a Frenchman? Alas my country! how narrow-minded, how small and circumscribed does this contempt of foreigners make you! How much of the beauty and richness of life is lost by your mental attitude. And it is suicidal too, for the foreigner learns your language and sucks your brains, and you get nothing from him. I am moralising again, and forgetting the lovely light on the sea at Suez. Such blue and green, "the green sea's fervent streaks of blue", as Algernon Charles calls it. Do you ever read Swinburne? Julian used to mark certain poems for me, as he said the majority were not nice for me to read. And I love them above everything. No poet seems to me to have such music in his verse. He certainly ought to have been Poet Laureate as far as his artistic merits go, but of course his moral character made it impossible for the Queen to approve of him. How I do ramble on, do I not? We have now left Suez and are well on our way to the Red Sea. We are passing the place where our Holy Land adjoins the Mahomedan Holy Land, the Gulf of Akyab, the Eastern arm of the famous Sea; the Gulf of Suez, where we are, being the Western one. It is supposed by some that the

Israelites crossed this and not the Red Sea itself. In the distance the peaks of Sinai recall to my mind the wondrous story of the Chosen Race marching out into the Wilderness to found the glorious Empire of Solomon. As I gaze on the mountain I seem to hear, in my mind's ear, (if the expression might be allowed), the thunder of those words in the "Israel," " His Chosen Horsemen also are drowned," or the " in the midst of the sea" of the Prestissimo in the first Beethoven Piano Sonata (play the Sonata and you will hear the refrain ringing in your ears as the second subject is introduced.)

Everybody says such a December was never known in the Red Sea before, the heat has been awful. One of the stokers died of heat apoplexy, but it is rumoured that he indulged in libations more potent than the oatmeal and water which is the proper blood-cooling drink of stokers! The Captain will insist upon having wax candles on the dinner-table as well as the electric light—why, I can't imagine, and last night they simply bent double with the heat; it was most amusing to see them bow to us, as it were, and collapse gradually.

As we pass the Island of Perim we are entertained with the well-known and well-worn stories of the " Man on Perim" who didn't wish for a transfer, and was found to be spending all his summers in England, unbeknown to the authorities, and of the annexation of the place by our Admiral, while the Frenchman who had come for the same purpose was being entertained with the best Champagne!

And now we have landed at Aden, bought the inevitable ostrich feathers, and been as inevitably cheated by the wily Somali. By-the-bye, there is one man on board who always makes money if he chooses to, by his purchases, and is never cheated. It is curious how the world of cheaters behaves to those who, rightly or wrongly, they imagine to be " of their set." To the world of cheated, their legitimate prey, they will sell nothing at the proper

price or near it. But they actually prefer doing business with one who they fancy knows what he is about.

This favoured individual was telling me last night, after dinner, how they always keep things for him when they might have sold them for much over their proper value, to the common herd. Verily, the world is a strange place. The funny thing is that the plundered will always be plundered—they never learn wisdom—experience teaches them no lessons, and they will continue being plundered to the end.

And now we are in the Indian Ocean, and are not to see land again till we reach our destination. I have been watching at the prow the curious "monsters" of the deep —all sorts of creepy, crawly things, spiral, serpentine, round, and elongated, in the clear waters of the Arabian sea. Two porpoises caused me much amusement this afternoon; they were spinning along just in front of the prow, and I thought every moment we should cut them in two. They seemed to exult in keeping pace with the steamer just ahead of us all the way.

"They that go down to the sea in ships—these men see the wonders of the Lord."

* * * *

As I began this letter at Suez, (I was a little too uncomfortable to write before), I must remember that I have not told you of the voyage, previous to our reaching that Port. We had a nasty storm in "The Bay," which caused the disappearance of nearly everybody to their cabins, until it was over, which was only in the Straits of Gibraltar. We then began to emerge, and got to know each other rather quickly, for the Captain took an extraordinary interest in social matters, got us all to play "progressive whist" after dinner, the first possible night, and introduced as many people as possible to each other. Progressive whist is a capital game for promoting sociability, as you get to know everybody joining in the game. The Captain also took pains to see that the sports were got up by the people whom we all wanted to

lead us, and not, as so often happens, by a small clique for their own glorification. You shall hear all about the games in a special postscript.

* * * *

The weather was superb in the Mediterranean, and I was never tired of watching the delicious curves of solid blue, made by our motion through its water. There is no blue in the world like the blue of the "tideless dolorous midland sea"! It has been one dream of beauty and delight the whole way: remember you are to have the sports in a special postscript, but I may as well give you the types of boardship life at once; I have avoided casual reference to either of these subjects, because I wanted to give them you as a whole.

First there is the old traveller, the man who has been everywhere and seen everything, and who looks down upon his fellow-passengers with a sort of contemptuous, and patronising pity, as young bears, with all their troubles, and all their experiences to come. Then there is the lady's man who tries to make himself useful to the sex generally, and to make getting them their ch[redacted]he means of scraping acquaintance with all the ladies, one after another. Then there is the man who tries to "boss the show," to take the lead in everything, and, of course, the bore, and the "smoking room bounder."

Then there is the exclusive man who won't speak to anyone on board, and generally gives himself airs. Then there is the musician, the raconteur, the game maniac and the gambler. There are the feminine counterparts of all these, and of the fair sex generally is the grumbler, the scandal-monger, the flirt, and the giggler.

Lastly, there are the men and women worth knowing, who grow upon one, whose depths are not exploited in half an hour's conversation. These feel the wonder, the interest, and the romance of the land they are going to, and display a "subjective attitude" towards everything with which they come in contact, which doubles its value and its charm.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

And now here we are "at destination." Bombay, that marvellous world's fair of different nationalities, the link between Europe and Asia, with its gorgeous hedge of tropical vegetation and its panoply of palms. It is an exceedingly hot place, this wonderful Bombay, hot all the year round, but the inhabitants thereof swear by it, say there is no place in the world like it.

It is the equable temperature I believe that creates this love, by allowing the poor human body to settle down to a climate where it always knows what to expect, instead of the startling surprises of our own dear, trying, little island. At Cairo I am told the old Egyptian fresco painting, thousands of years old, on the walls of the tombs, is in most perfect preservation, because the temperature scarcely varies a degree from the first of January to the thirty-first of December. And then in Bombay they actually pretend it is cool! Some wicked people say this is because coolies or laborers, who pull the long swing fan or punkah, are so expensive!

We went round the city, (which the genius of Sir Gilbert Scott has embellished with some really beautiful buildings), in the day, and then started up-country at night. It is curious to leave this place by train, (where the water is always hot enough for an invalid to bathe in), and to travel north by train, and begin to shiver with cold in about two hours. I was most interested in the vegetation and scenery, so utterly new and strange, though we missed the great sight of the railway over the Ghats, which must be reserved for my homeward journey. Next to my first night in Bombay, where I was most impressed by the hum of tropical insects, and the peculiar dairy-like smell, (caused by

burning cow-dung I believe), I shall treasure up this first impression of the new country on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. The novel sights and sounds, the Railway and its management, so different from our own, all producing a wonderful and strange dreamy sense of delight, like the sensation of lying half asleep and half awake, in a new place, which one is glad to be in, on the first morning after arrival.

* * * *

And now behold me at Julian's home—and house-keeping for him: he has got an English-speaking "Babu" for me, through whom I give my orders and have them interpreted to the servants.

The life is absolutely ideal. You rise in the morning with the sun streaming into your rooms, have a kind of early breakfast in your dressing-gown, and then bathe and dress, or defer your bath till after you return from the morning's outing, if you prefer it. You ride, or walk, or row, or take your exercise in any other way that suits your fancy, and often there is a paper-chase meet, or hunting, or shooting to vary the programme. You thus circulate your blood at the proper time before the work of the day begins, instead of shivering all day in anticipation of circulation, as we do in our dear old silly island with its countless joys, and its foolish habits. Then you have a good *d'ejeuner a la fourchette* when you return, and are ready for the day's work. If you have no work, you sit in the perfect climate, and enjoy life until the workers of the household have finished theirs, and then you wait to welcome them with a cup of tea, instead of the senseless heavy luncheon of Great Britain. The life is luxurious certainly, but not with the luxury of Europe. People don't persuade themselves that they want more food, when what they want is less—don't imagine they are over-worked, when the reality is that luxury and self-indulgence have so crippled their bodily powers, that a task much below what their strength demands is felt to be an insupportable burden. Anything is

a burden to these people. Those who are hard at work get into such a confirmed habit of working, that a little more or less makes no difference to them; they take everything extra and find room for it without a murmur. But those who have nothing to do can never find time for anything. They procrastinate and put off without any shadow of an excuse, and no sensible person would ever trust work to them. This is what India teaches us, among countless other things, this gospel of work, which God in His infinite mercy has given us instead of happiness as a life-aim. Happiness at its best is "non-progressive," and with St. Paul, our motto should surely be always "this one thing I do, I press forward."

* * * * *

Then in the evenings, you always have a club to go to where you can play tennis, croquet, golf, hockey or other games; and if not inclined for such amusements, can meet your friends, read the papers and the newest books. When the evening closes in you have billiards, whist, chess and perhaps music and dancing. Amusement is reduced to a science in the East, because I think there was a virgin soil when the amusement was first started, and people were not hampered by the fine old crusted prejudice of a settled country; not that it is more wanted than in the West. Think of the thousands of our friends at home who have absolutely nothing to do but to amuse themselves. Fancy what a Godsend such a club would be to them! Instead of the complaint of long winter evenings, would not they be positively looked forward to! For what could be brighter and more attractive than a brilliantly lighted and nicely warmed club on a cold dark night! What a Godsend too, to people whose list of friends is limited or waning! With an intelligent Committee, such a club might be the means of introducing such people to new friends, and lead the way to the enjoyment of rational social intercourse, to Glee-clubs, Orchestral-clubs, Dramatic clubs, and all sorts of associations for mutual improvement. Fancy the change

to people eating out their hearts for rational social amusement and improving human intercourse! Think also of the gain to all those lonely people who are spoiling their lives for want of society, in being brought together and enabled to supply each other's deficiencies! Picture also to yourself the advantage in the way of avoiding the trouble of invitations and appointments. Of course there would be difficulties, but what are we given brains and energies for except to overcome difficulties? Is anything worth doing when there are not difficulties connected with it to be overcome? On reflection I begin to see that English life is absolutely hopeless without this common evening meeting place, except for very big people.

Well, enough for our social life. I have to tell you now of something political. Julian has been saying some extraordinary things about the state of things in the country. He declares he is perfectly certain that there is a secret agency being formed with the object of striking some blow at the Government. It is not that there is anything tangible to go upon: on the contrary, everything points the other way.

The machine of Government has never worked so smoothly, the indigenous Press is full of outward loyalty, the Frontier is in a state of profound tranquility. Anyone who hinted at the possibility of anything wrong under such circumstances would naturally be hounded down. Julian is certain that this apparent tranquility covers the seeds of coming trouble, and he derives his information from some educated natives, with whom he has always been on terms of great cordiality, and who tell him things which they never divulge to others. They are perfectly sure that their names will never be revealed—that is why they speak so freely. Even I don't know them, but I guess that they are from among a certain set, a few of whom I have myself talked with, as they understand English. They are persistent in their exhortations to him to fly the country, and to take with him all dear to him.

They are also loud in their denunciation of the untrustworthiness of Mahommedan servants, (curiously enough it is their own co-religionists who speak most strongly against them).

You will ask if I feel nervous, and whether I would get Julian away from India if I could do so. I answer emphatically No! I should be ashamed to think that he could desert his post just when he may be most wanted, for it is in time of danger and difficulty that men like him, (physically weak as he is), are most needed.

For myself I do not value my life at "a pin's fee." You will be asking what has caused this change, but, oh my dear, you must have guessed it, my silence must have told you though no words did. I have not even mentioned the subject on which I used to dilate to you for hours! I have begun my period of disillusion—Arthur only pretends to care for me. Either he wants a second self to love, or he is incapable of love as it is usually understood. You see he is so full of ideas, hobbies, and resources in himself, that I do not think he feels the need of love, and I suppose it must be confessed that he is selfish. All these ideas, and general developments, so to speak, are so many manifestations of self. I fear we should never be happy if we married. He wants everyone to travel on his lines, and his own teaching has made me too independent to do this. And of course, he is no better than the rest of us in the matter of "subjective attitude" towards others. A low standard for ourselves and a high one for everyone else—wanting all sorts of extenuating circumstances to qualify the verdict in our own case, and refusing them to others, in a word, putting ourselves down as hopelessly good, and others as hopelessly bad—putting everyone else's actions down to selfishness, and our own to lofty motives—utter inability to seize the good that there is in everyone and teach it to grow, and "cussed" determination to fasten like flies on the bad! The funny thing is that he sees these faults in others so clearly, that he fancies he is free from

them himself. He professes to be so anxious for adverse criticism—it is his system of "life philosophy"—but he is really furious if crossed in anything, if all do not bow to his opinions, and especially if anyone dares to suggest that he is radically wrong.

We should fail to make each other happy in a hundred ways. First, I should be no intellectual companion for him, I struggle faintly to reach eminences above which his lofty genius soars triumphantly; secondly, (though perfectly ready for work all day), I am not strong enough to be his physical companion; he simply lives without a thought for that personal comfort which is the God of so many of us, and a real necessity to most—not that *all* would not be the better for dispensing with it occasionally. Thirdly, I could not live in his simple style. I fear I should be always shocking him by wanting things which he considers unnecessary luxuries. I am very dependent upon others, and he despises people who cannot stand absolutely alone. With the strength of a lion himself, he has, and can have, no sympathy for those who are weak.

I am always shocking him in a hundred little ways, which he tries to conceal even from himself, and in fact it would be self-murder for two such people to attempt to live together. My debt to him will be a life-long one, never can I forget all he has done for me—but marriage I now see would be almost "impossible." If we are all killed in this Indian rising, matters will be much simplified. I don't want to be killed indeed—I value life too much—I suffer intensely but I enjoy intensely too.

"Never the blinding pain then never the exquisite bliss.
"For the heart that is dull to that can never be tuned to this.

But I cannot help seeing how dying would simplify matters. We shall not formally break off our engagement I see—it will be continued. The situation is an impossible one, and yet I can see that we shall not alter it—we are such peculiar people. For some reason or other, he thinks he wants me, and I cannot bring myself to jilt him. Ordinary

sensible people of course would part at once; but we do not belong to this category. Somehow I cannot help feeling that if we could recognise the exigencies of the Personal Equation, we should get on better. Of course the world does insensibly recognise this, and bows to its requirements without admitting for a moment that it does so. To our own eyes our own views are the only possible ones, but we yield them up without knowing it, or life would become one huge impossibility. In many respects we are far too alike. We both suffer from that common failing of mankind, the wrong reception of a difficulty. Too many people when they meet one, recognise it as a master, bow down to it, and grovel before it, instead of rejoicing in the encounter as of one with a foeman worthy of their steel, and the fiercer the better.

Can anything be a calamity to minds in such a state of preparation? The harder the task, the more the mind and the character are strengthened by overcoming it. I fear we are both far from this ideal state as yet, and the unfortunate thing is that we do not seem able to help each other. Perhaps it is that we recognise each other's failings too clearly, and lash them too uncompromisingly, instead of attracting each other by sympathy, and trying to show each other the right way by example rather than by denunciation. We are neither of us patient enough, too prone to desire the "poetry of results without the prose of effort," as he would say. I see more and more how my style of writing has been insensibly formed on his.

Happily we neither of us go in for that common form of misery-making, fear of what after all may never happen. We do not worry about the future much, feeling that things often arrange themselves, and that by leaving them alone, one at all events avoids useless expenditure of effort. Still some sudden catastrophe would make the situation much easier, and I cannot help picturing it as indirectly at least concerned with the political condition of India.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I have not forgotten my promise to tell you about our boardship sports, although it comes so long after my steamer letter that you will be more anxious perhaps to hear of the political situation, which has developed in a somewhat startling manner during the months that this has been delayed. But you will be wanting to be amused (though we are playing "the games men play with death") and I always intended this to be a detachable postscript that you might send to any of your friends.

First of all I must tell you that the man who organised the Sports sat at the next table to me, and gradually gathered round him a selection of choice spirits. I am sorry to say he prided himself upon the number of occasions when an outburst of merriment or some animated conversation caused all eyes to be concentrated on his coterie. He has been known to say that he would consider himself eternally disgraced if his table at dinner were not the nosiest on the ship! He travels constantly backwards and forwards between Europe and Bombay, and some of the voyages during which he has got up "Sports" are looked back to by passengers as red letter episodes in their lives. The first condition for his operations is that all the passengers should know each other fairly well, and be prepared for a certain amount of "horse play." I don't know why it is that everyone has been so kind to me, but it is so, and nearly everyone divined instinctively that I should *not* care for horse play in any form, and I was included in the list of exemptions. I, therefore, speak from the point of view of an outsider only, but I can understand that for those who enjoy an occasional orgy of diablerie and "abandon," to be a participator was the thing.

I am not going to describe potato races, obstacle races, cock fighting, and all the various items in an ordinary programme of ship-sports, but only the uncommon ones, mostly invented by the fertile brain of the Organiser.

The first thing was to appoint a Lady Paramount, and to supply her with a body of "Lictors" to enforce obedience to her commands. A council of six, three of each sex, was selected to advise her, and no severe punishment was inflicted without a mock trial before this body, which caused endless fun. The Captain and Officers supporting the whole thing, such punishments as "Champagne all round to your table" were for the most part cheerfully submitted to, though occasionally unpleasantness threatened. There was such a general wish, however, to share in the fun, that there were very few recalcitrants, as objecting to anything decreed by the Council would certainly end in being "sent to Coventry."

The most notable of the organised sports was a "Horse Show" at which every man was "trotted out" as a specimen of the noble animal, by amateur grooms, and his parts and qualifications dilated on, before a judging Committee of Ladies: endless fun was of course produced by the not always good-natured comments of the grooms on some competitors!

En revanche the ladies were subjected to a "Trilby Show," at which each fair one had to display at least one foot for adjudication of the prize of beauty in this indispensable appendage, by a Committee of the sterner sex.

Endless fun was caused here also by the refusal of the gentlemen to have anything to do with judging, if they had any notion of the owner of the foot! The veiling of the face and rest of the person was also dictated by motives of modesty, for the foot had to be innocent of chaussure! "

But the principal interest and amusement resulted from the conversation prize, the competition for which went on during the entire length of the voyage when there was nothing else doing. You will remember my first description

of this kind of intercourse as a *solitude a deux* party, and this game is practically the same thing. But now the general principles on which it should be carried on were laid down, and the prizes were awarded by the ladies in secret Committees. First of all, each lady had to sit out three times with each man, and to give him at least a quarter of an hour at each sitting. The ladies were enjoined to try and bring out the conversational powers of shy men, and to set up as the standard that *they* were to be amused and interested.

Serious conversation was not tabooed, but the prize was to be awarded, not for conversation good in itself, but adapted to the particular partner. It soon developed into a kind of school for conversation, directed by a small coterie of talented women, of whom we had a fair sprinkling, and really the results were amazing. Though not competing myself, I often utilised the conversation chairs scattered by twos all over the deck, and was astonished to find how people had responded to the training.

It had been clearly proved how interesting the most trivial topics can be made if continuous effort is used to treat them in an interesting way. The most common-place acts and feelings of everyday life are different in every individual, and if people will only compare notes on them, and try to put themselves into other's points of view, such an interchange of experiences must be both useful and delightful. Then there is the whole vast ocean of the inner life to explore, if such mutual confidence is established as to make it possible.

It was always open to every lady to prolong her conference with anyone she liked, on the plea of not being able to give her vote on his powers at once. This gave rise to the most amusing jealousy on the part of the men, who were always eaten up with curiosity to see if they would be taken out again by ladies they rather fancied, or disposed of after their bare three quarters of an hour! It need hardly be added that the ladies had always a fire of banter to face

from their own sex, whether they elected for farther conversation, or disposed of their candidate after the minimum period.

I have already mentioned the mock trial before the Lady Paramount, and a mixed jury of both sexes, for breaches of the unwritten laws of the miniature republic. These trials were conducted with every possible resemblance to the procedure of a Court of Justice, and the speeches of Counsel, and summing up of the Lady President (who contemptuously rejected the offer of help from the inferior sex!) were amusing in the extreme. The whole proceedings were reported *in extenso* in the "Red Sea Reviler," a magazine which was actually printed three times during the voyage, the ship Printing Press being an exceptionally good one, and some of the passengers lending a hand at the work. The eagerness with which each number was expected, and the limitless amusement caused by its appearance can be better imagined than described. The Editorial comments were almost exclusively personal, but invariably good-natured, and some of the more serious contributions showed real literary excellence. I am sorry that I am unable to send you my copies, for in the bustle and excitement of landing, I unfortunately mislaid and lost them. The last number contained the poem which won the prize (also by a lady—so you see the sex has been fairly well represented!) and I particularly wanted to send it to you. I can only remember the last stanza:—

"Now good-bye Major Phillander,
What nice talks we have had,
You really mustn't call me 'Rose,'
And pray don't look so sad!"

In addition to all the other attractions we had three really excellent concerts, a Christy Minstrel Entertainment by the Stewards, and a Comedietta written for the occasion, excellently acted, and containing some most telling topical songs.

Besides all this we had two wonderfully good Exhibitions, one of the sketches by an Artist Passenger, displaying an extraordinary devotion to work under really trying circumstances, and one of photographs. The principal contributor to the Photographic Exhibition was the ship's Surgeon, an enthusiastic devotee of the Art. He had been most kind, during the whole voyage, in affording every sort of assistance to amateurs, and now came forward, not only with a number of fresh views, but with five huge albums of his work in former years. As it was impossible to neglect any opportunity for fun, the exhibitions were caricatured by an unknown Artist, who had hitherto kept himself in the background. The whole ship was placarded with notice-papers directing people to "The Exhibition" which were in themselves works of Art.

Add to everything that a "leap year" dance and an excellent Fancy Ball were provided for the votaries of Terpsichore, and that innocent gambling was not neglected, and you will see what a Gargantuan feast of amusement we enjoyed. The " leap " year dance was simply killing, (the gentlemen were compelled to sit in groups of four to six, each under the chaperonage of an elderly lady, to be selected by their friends of the dominant sex.) The sweeps were on the time of arrival in port, a much more exciting proceeding than the usual tame speculation on the day's run: as a very large percentage of the amounts subscribed for these lotteries was devoted to charity, no one could justly abuse us on the score of morality. Those who wanted still more gambling excitement, amused themselves, even while eating and drinking, with "word pool," a very good game, which I advise you to learn as soon as possible. Each person has three lives, and loses one for each word which ends with him or her, as words beginning with each letter of the alphabet alternately are passed round the circle.

Serious interests were thought of in the ladies revolver and saloon rifle competitions, for which the struggle was most animated, and the prize well worth having. It was

generally admitted to be most necessary for all English-women in India to learn the art of self-defence: it is their consciousness of helplessness which makes them so useless and apprehensive in an emergency. Once let her feel that she can sell her life dearly, and a woman as well as a man, can feel the soldiers' "*joie de vivre*," the zest which the feeling of exultant contempt for imminent danger adds to living.

CHAPTER XIII.

UTOPIA REDIVIVA.

We must now glance at our hero's method of administration, a somewhat dry task, but one necessary to the comprehension of much that follows. On taking charge of his district, Julian, who had for sometime been maturing his plans, and thinking out all his methods, began by a systematic visitation of all his villages. He had determined to work through the people, and with the people, and the first step was, obviously, to try to know them. To the accomplishment of this end he subordinated every other purpose. He would start from his house every morning on horse-back, telling his groom to meet him at a certain village, and unaccompanied by any other person. Arrived at his destination he ordered his groom to collect the inhabitants, and when he had ascertained that at least the heads of the village community had been called, he told him to go on to the next village, in order to be absolutely alone with the people.

He then addressed them something in this fashion:—

"Brothers," (and with Julian this title came straight from the heart—he had the firmest possible belief in the real brotherhood of all mankind), "I have assembled you here to-day because I want to know you, and I want you to know me. I have need of you, and you have need of me. I am determined to protect you to the best of my ability from the petty tyrannies to which you are subject at the hands of subordinate officials on one condition, and that is that you treat the officials with proper respect as representatives of the Government, and do not make false charges against them. My Bungalow is always open for the reception of any of you who have any grievances of any kind

to complain of. On the East side near the city there is a row of bamboo trees, and every Sunday morning after eight o'clock, and every week-day afternoon after five or six, you will find me walking up and down this avenue. No orderly or official of any sort or kind is ever allowed to come on this side of the house. Come and walk up and down outside, and I will let you in by the little gate, and you can speak to me without anyone knowing that you have been near me. Of course in time all the world will know that people do come and speak to me in this private way, and I am not sorry that this should be so, but no one need ever know that any particular individual has been up to the house. But remember this, when you come and speak to me of grievances, of oppression and tyranny at the hands of this or that petty official—I do not promise to do anything at all, still less to punish anyone that you may complain of. I shall do exactly what I think best, and that will rarely be quite what you want. You must take it from me that I shall do what is best for you all. I may explain to you why I cannot punish the officials you complain of in the way you might like me to do, even if I found that your complaints were true. You see I may be moved away from this district to-morrow, and another officer may come, who does not do things in the same way. I hope that I shall not be transferred, but we have always to bear in mind what might happen.

Then the official I might have punished would be your enemy for life, and I should no longer be here to protect you: so, as I said before, you must leave it to me, and I think I shall be able to put right most of your grievances. Some things that you complain of I may not be able to alter, but then when we know each other better, I think I shall be able to convince you that these things must be borne. You must always remember that we cannot afford to give you really trustworthy officials, they would cost too much; and if we dismissed or transferred one, his successor might turn out as bad as or worse than he.

We have all a great deal to put up with in this world, and we must try and bear it like men. But I trust you will not only come and see me because you have grievances, but because you want to know me and have a talk. I want to get to know you all, your children, your occupations, your joys and your sorrows. And I want you to get to know me, to understand that I am one to whom you may say anything you like, and who will never tell anybody else what you do say. And another reason why I want to have this intercourse with you is, because there are certain things that I have to tell you, certain orders that I have to give you, that I must have carried out. I don't want to give these orders to you through my subordinate officials, but directly to you myself.

My subordinate officials rarely give my orders in the way I want them given, and they are often tempted to oppress and annoy you; and if you have any objection to any of my orders, these officials have no power to alter them. But I wish you freely to make any objection you like to any orders I give: and for this reason also I want to do the work myself, and not through anybody else, so that we can talk everything over. Mind, as I said before, I do not promise you to alter any of the orders I give, because you object to them. I do not think you, any of you, expect or even desire that. But I promise to consider carefully everything that you tell me, and if I am unable to consent to your wishes, to explain to you the reasons of my refusal.

And now I want you to listen to a few matters to which it is most necessary for you to pay attention. I think if you talk over these things with your families, you will see that what I tell you is for your own benefit, and that I am not really asking anything for *myself or for Government;* in fact, we both want the same things—the Government and I only desire that you should be prosperous and happy. First of all, I want you to come forward and tell me who are the bad characters in your village. I don't want to punish them, I want to reform them, and even if they are

your relations, I shall earnestly hope that you will help me to do so. Of course, if they won't be reformed, we must send them to prison, but I believe we shall only have to do this in a very few instances. And now you must let me tell you one thing more, and I most earnestly pray you to pay attention to it: if you do not tell me who these bad characters are, I shall have to conclude certainly that you are afraid of them, and perhaps also that you are in league with them. You must see that there is no necessity for you to be afraid, as you can come and tell me about them quite privately, and I promise you that I will never call upon anyone to give evidence in a case, unless he is perfectly willing to do so. You must also see that as we intend to help everyone to reform, and do not want to send anyone to prison, you need not be so backward as you would otherwise be, in pointing out bad characters, even if they are your own brothers.

Believe me, it is the presence of these men in your midst, which is causing and will cause you most of the evils from which you are suffering, and if you will help me to get rid of them, I can promise you freedom from most of your troubles. It is these bad characters which bring you into collision with the officials, and if you will help me to purge them out, you will gain what you want so much—to be let alone. If you don't help me, I shall be obliged to have the work done by the Police, and you know that they will bully you far worse than I should do.

Then I want you to help me with assessments of Income Tax. I don't intend to excuse you from paying this tax, because I think it is quite right and fair that those engaged in trade should pay something toward the expenses of Government, when Agriculturists have to pay so much.

You know the money is spent for your benefit, and not squandered away, and you know how much we want it.

We want it to build you bridges and schools, and to make you roads and canals. We want it to pay your teachers, and even the Police and underlings whom you dislike so

much; for you know it is principally the insufficiency of their salaries which makes them try and get money out of you by improper means. And you also know that if a man has got an income of a thousand rupees, it is not a great hardship for him to pay. The hardship is caused because the assessing officer finds it so difficult to ascertain the truth and has to make a conjectural assessment, in which people who only make two or three hundred rupees—perhaps even paupers—are (through the malice of their enemies) included. But you, all of you, know exactly what each ought to pay, and can assess the Tax fairly and justly if you please. In this work, too, I feel that you will all willingly help me because you know that I shall never repeat anything, and you won't run the risk of anger at the hands of your friends for pointing them out as assessable. If you like I will tell you the amount I want from your community, and leave you to assess and apportion it yourselves.

And then I want you to send all your children to school, at least all that you can spare from field work. I don't want you to have them taught anything that will not be really useful to you, but you must all of you see that it is very much better for your children at least to be able to read, write and cypher, than to be ignorant of these matters. You can all of you see the advantage of being able to read a letter when it comes to you, being able to write the answer to it, and also of knowing enough about figures to keep your own accounts. I don't want you to learn anything which will not be of service to you in your daily life, and if the teachers concentrate attention on these things to the neglect of the things that you want, you have only to complain to me, and I will see that matters are put right as far as I can.

Then I want those of you who are landlords to pay in your revenue on the due dates, and not wait until the subordinate officials, whom you dread so, come and bother you for it. You have your Agricultural Banks, (Julian had

established these institutions in nearly every one of the principal villages of his district), and whenever you are not in a position to pay, the Banks are authorised to pay for you. But you must instruct them to do so, and I urge upon you, in your own interests, to attend to this most important matter, and not let things slide. And I want you to recognise that your interests are not really antagonistic to, but identical with, those of your good tenants. You may turn out the bad ones as soon as you like, but you are the better for having good tenants firmly secured in your lands, and you should be glad to help them in every way, and give them rights in their fields. For if these good tenants are ruined, their place will be taken by bad ones, who will worry you in various ways, never pay their rents without pressure, and not develop the resources of your lands as they ought to be developed. Of course I need scarcely say that you should always give your good tenants time to pay in their rents, and try as much as possible not to add legal expenses to the burden of the assessment. If you sue your tenants for arrears, they will have to pay the expenses of the Court, and will have the less to give you in rent.

And those of you who are tenants, on the other hand, should be very careful to pay your rents in as they fall due. You cannot expect your landlords to help you if you don't pay up promptly, and they will not only deprive you of the numerous kinds of help which they can give you, but will be forced to add to your burdens the expenses of the Courts. We could not carry on the Government if the Revenue were not paid in promptly, and if we take it from your landlords promptly, it is only fair that you should pay promptly too. The Agricultural Banks will always pay for you, if you cultivate a good credit with them, and they know that you are thrifty tenants, so that you need not be driven to borrow the money, if you have not got it, at high rates of interest. And I want you to be always ready to help your landlords in any way in which they want your assistance, and they have promised me to help you in return, with wood and

grass for thatching your houses, and in any other way that they can be of service to you.

And then I want you all to come and tell me if you have, in your community, any particularly good carpenter, or blacksmith, or any such artificer, and I will try and get such men some training in a good technical School.

Finally, remember that I want these Committees which manage your Agricultural Banks to be more and more representative of the Village Community, and mediums of communication between you and the Government. Not only do I wish them to settle your disputes, and introduce some reforms, but to be the means of carrying on my system of administration when I am gone. I most earnestly beseech you to keep clear of the courts—first, if you can possibly avoid them, have no quarrels at all—secondly, if you cannot do this, settle them yourselves, thirdly, if this is not possible, take them to Arbitrators of your own choosing, or to those Panchayats which we have established to manage your Agricultural Banks. But be very cautious in going to the Courts: they do more good in establishing principles than in redressing individual wrongs; though, of course it is difficult for you to understand this. And one more word of warning before I leave this subject. Unless you do one thing, you will not find Arbitrators willing to take up your cases at all. You must get it out of their heads that whichever side loses the case, will accuse the Arbitrators of corruption. As long as I am with you, I intend to try with peculiar care, and personally on the spot, the case of anybody who accuses an Arbitrator of improper practices, and if I cannot get evidence sufficient to bring the person at fault to actual punishment, I will try to make him suffer for his misdeeds in some way. I consider it a most terrible thing either for the Arbitrator to take bribes, or for a suitor to make a false accusation of corruption, merely because the case has gone against him.

But you cannot expect my successor to take the same view of things as I do, and your only way is to be patient

and submissive to the decisions that you get. Then you will find respectable and trustworthy men willing to settle your disputes, and to save you from all the expensive delays and vexations of the law courts.

Then I want you to take the advice of these Village Panchayats as to the amount which you think is necessary to spend when you have a marriage, funeral, or other social ceremony. I quite understand how necessary it is for you to spend money on these occasions; all I want you to do is to be reasonable. I hope in future to be able to supply you all with money for marriage expenses as well as for agricultural purposes, through these Village Banks; but at present we are only able to do the agricultural part.

Anything, in fact, which concerns you, and in which you want me to help you, I wish you first to discuss in the village, under the leadership of these Panchayats, and then for the leading men to come and tell me what conclusion you have arrived at. Even on the delicate question of over-assessment of estates I shall always be glad to hear the views of the Panchayats, in fact all of you; but you must remember as before on the question of punishment of officials, I cannot promise to do what you ask. As I am talking to you quite confidentially, and indeed have nothing to conceal, I shall expect you to understand what difficult and delicate matters these are. As to the officials, you know that we must support authority, and that we cannot get loyal service out of any set of men if we are always listening to complaints against them. As to the revenue business, you know we must have our money, that the machine of Government cannot get on without it, and that if we are too lenient we shall have people throwing land out of cultivation. At the same time I know there are estates which are too heavily assessed, and I am prepared to relieve them, if I can do it quietly, and without being pestered by a lot of applications which are absurd on the face of them.

Once more, then, on this general question of grievances; I want you all to support me, and help me to redress them,

by setting your face against any attempt to make frivolous applications. And on the particular question of the officials, again, I want you to remember that my talking to you alone, in the way I do, is very trying to them. They think I am destroying their authority, and I have to support it, and intend to support it: therefore, be patient with them, and submit to them, for though I am determined that they shall not oppress you, if I can prevent it, I am equally determined that their authority shall be respected.

One word more as to supplies to Camps: I want to try a new way with you—I am going to send you word a fortnight before the camps come, and I shall hope that you will supply everything we want without the intervention of any subordinates.

You will have to receive payment for grain, animals and such like things, but I have no objection to your supplying milk, straw, wood and earthenware utensils free of charge, if you prefer to do so. Personally, I would rather pay for everything, but I wish to consult your wishes in this matter. Only, there must be no complaints of deficiencies. You must remember that in coming out into Camp at all, officers put themselves to considerable inconvenience in order to do your work, and it is your duty to see that they have as many of their comforts as is possible. I believe you all will welcome the coming of *my* camp, because you will all come and talk with me, in a friendly manner, in the evening after work is done, and I shall give your children sweetmeats, and show you some sports, and it will be the opportunity for settling half a dozen little quarrels and disputes, which spoil the harmony of your village life. It will be something, I think, for you to look forward to and enjoy. And while I am in the district, which, as I told you before, will I hope be for many years to come, the other officers will follow in my steps. If they do not, you have only to come to me and tell me of any grievances, and I will see that they are not inflicted on you, if possible, in the future. Understand me again, I *do not* promise to give you

relief, at once, only to put matters right, if I can do so, for the future. In some cases I may be able to give you redress at once, but I again repeat I do not promise: you must leave it to me to act as I think best. Just as your legitimate grievances are obscured by frivolous complaints, just so some of your greatest evils have been caused by friends who were over-eager to give you what you wanted, and I do not intend to repeat their mistakes."

Besides taking the people in their villages "promiscuous," so to speak, Julian had tried the following plan of getting at the best men: before coming to his small and comparatively unimportant district, from the Head Quarters of the Commissionership, he had ascertained from the leading men *there*, who were the most reliable persons in the District; he then induced them to point out others. Thus he gradually got to know all the reliable men, and all the secrets. He had to take considerable trouble to get to know these natural leaders of the people at first, but he found the results of his exertions absolutely invaluable. Many of these individuals were men who were not in the habit of approaching officials at all, but when they knew that they would be received with honor and courtesy, and that their representations would be listened to, they were perfectly willing to come. Julian's plan with the subordinate officials, from whom, as will be plain from the above, he was so eager to protect the people, was as follows. He usually spoke to them in this fashion:—

"Now I know that you take money from the people, and I don't either intend or wish to stop the practice, for I know you are underpaid, and cannot live on your official salaries. If the people *do* give you money for doing your duty, I prefer to look upon it as the only way of increasing your pay without imposing a taxation which would be unpopular.

What I do intend to stop is, your being paid to do what it is your duty to prevent. This I am quite determined to put down. I do not intend to destroy your authority; do not think so for a moment; I intend to increase it.

Especially do I intend to increase the power and dignity of those who loyally work with me for the good of the people. Those who will not work in this way I shall certainly not honor, nor shall I increase their power. I want them to reform, and I will give them every opportunity to do so, but if they will not, I shall punish them if I can; if I cannot, I will see that they are gradually got out of the service or out of the district."

This was not an idle boast. As a matter of fact, Julian *did* succeed in getting every official whom he disliked removed from his district in time, and thus was left only with those who supported him loyally in all he wanted to do. The authorities knew that he had given up superior positions, just to remain for a longer time in his model district; and he could always say to them with a chance of being heard, "You know I want nothing for myself, I only want you to remove so and so with whom I cannot get on." It is a mistake to imagine that controlling officers are always deaf to the demands of "sweet reasonableness." If subordinates would only credit their superiors with a portion, even, of the good motives they so freely arrogate to themselves, there would be less of friction in all the services. But at first it was uphill work: the officials, while they pretended to be delighted with Julian's plan, in secret raved against it, and verged on mutiny. In time, however, his consummate tact brought them round. He continually acted on the maxim of believing that two thirds of mankind are good or bad naturally, and one third according as you treat them, and he paid especial attention to this debatable third. And in time he brought this portion of his staff round, and with the assistance of the good third he was invincible against the bad one: many of those who had opposed him before turned round, and put all the force which they had previously put into opposition, into loyal co-operation with him, though, as above mentioned, a few had to be eliminated. But these were very few—the really incorrigible ones are rare even in the bad six and eightpence

of mankind. The result was only what will always be the result of all consistent and patient action on right lines, planned and carried out by a healthy human will, which believes in itself, and in Almighty assistance.

Of all forces in the world, the human mind is the easiest to act upon if approached in the right way. Uncompromisingly stern to a very evil nature, Julian persistently looked for the divine in man, instead of the satanic, and he found it nearly always.

His was the trust that begets trustworthiness, and he nearly always shamed people into an unutterable longing to be worthy of his good opinion, which could have but one result. But to the outside world the result was as of magic.

While the men made songs in his honor, and the women tried to crown him with garlands, as he passed through their villages, ready always with a smile and a word of recognition for some at least of the children, the Anglo-Indian world was more surprised than pleased, and darkly hinted at the evil consequences of new ways in India. What attracted the people so, was this personal recognition —this acknowledgment of them as human beings on the same plane of existence as himself. That he, the great Magistrate, should actually know their children, seemed to them so strange, so new, and so enchanting, as almost to revolutionise their ideas of British rule. In fact, Julian had solved the question, of how to govern India in the truest interests of the people, in his small (though only apparently small) way. Perhaps it is imputing evil motives too readily to the official world, to say that this was partially the reason why they opposed Julian's methods. Unconscious celebration produces strange results, and perhaps they came to the right conclusion without knowing it, viz., that his plan would do away with the necessity for their presence in large measure. As a matter of fact Julian began to find he could govern his district with about half the authorised staff. Crime by residents of the district was almost stamped out: in many cases, professional criminals

had actually taken to honest livelihood, under the double pressure put upon them by the Police and the people. The incorrigible ones were all in jail, or in the hands of sureties who were trying to reform them, and who gave them up to the authorities when they got wind of their intention to break out and commit crime. Of course our hero only got a small measure of co-operation from adjoining districts, and his own was a good deal harassed by the depredations of criminals harboured there, on condition of doing their evil work outside.

The revenue was punctually paid in, and although, on one occasion, the gaunt spectre of famine *did* stalk through the land, the visitation was easily coped with, through the real co-operation established between the people and their rulers. Julian could truly boast—for no official lie would have dared to come into loathsome life under his jurisdiction—that not a single death occurred from starvation.

The Courts had very little to do, and really the administration could have been carried on with one half or a quarter of the sanctioned staff.

Leisure begets itself under these circumstances: as the officials had time to devote to the settling of disputes, they earned themselves still further leisure; for these disputes are the fertile causes of work. Everything which could conduce to the material advancement and prosperity of the people now found advocates in the officials, for they had time for this benevolent occupation.

Agricultural improvements, education of all kinds, the starting of shops and joint-stock enterprises, all these were cared for. It is significant of the extraordinary duplicity of the Asiatic character, that the self-same Police who were so loyally co-operating with Julian in stamping out crime, still found means to join the great Police Confederation which was the real cause of the temporary downfall of British rule. As we have seen, they were instrumental in conveying to Julian repeated warnings that he should flee from the wrath to come, but though attached to him they

were not attached to British rule, and even if they had been, they were powerless to resist the new religious wave which joined Hindu and Mahommedan in one common crescentade (for the leaders were almost exclusively Mahomedans) against the followers of the Cross. The bait held out to India by the Russians, who had now an agency by which they could work on public opinion, was Hindu sovereignty in a portion of the Peninsula and Mahomedan rule in the rest. Had they known the people better, they could have prophesied that the arrangement would necessarily fall to pieces before completion. It might be added that had the Police known what a Frankenstein they were erecting, by arming the criminal classes, they would have seen the futility of their endeavors.

We must now interrupt for a little our contemplation of political developments, to describe how Margaret met her real "Ame-soeure," and how the fate of her original engagement was practically sealed, and left as an incident merely in her eventful life, and yet the one which was the real turning point in its history.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOLITUDE A DEUX.

When Margaret had been a short time in her brother's house, the incident occurred which was referred to in the last chapter. Julian's great friend Captain Montague, of the Royal Engineers, whose acquaintance he had made at the large Military Station where he had passed the early years of his service, came to construct a railway through his district. He naturally made his home with his old friend, and he and Margaret were thrown a good deal together. The two were peculiarly sympathetic, both acutely sensitive to any outward influence, both passionately fond of music, literature, nature and art, and it was absolutely certain that a strong tie would grow up between them. Curiously enough, however, some months had elapsed without their having been able to have a long tete-a-tete talk. The opportunity came one evening in the early part of February—by many considered the most exquisite time of that most exquisite season—the cold weather of India. Julian was away for the whole day on a tour of inspection, in some part of the district not easily visited by a camp. Harry Montague had finished his work early, and came to join Margaret at that most delightful of all meals, an *al fresco* tea. It was really a scene of enchantment; the long shadows thrown by the trees of the grove in which they were encamped, the exquisitely pure air—neither too hot nor too cold—(the temperature at this season of the year is very uniform all the twenty four hours round, which always seems to suit the human constitution best), the song of birds, and the hum of insects, all contributed to make up a banquet of physical delight. It would be useless to pretend that either of the pair looked forward

to their *solitude a deux* without a feeling of intensely pleasurable anticipation.

Each had found in the other an exception to the general run of men and women. In too many, the human birthright is, alas! atrophied by want of culture, and all their divine potentialities dormant: their ideas seem bounded by the material wants of the body, their own doings and those of their friends, and a few trashy novels. Sad indeed is it to reflect that beings who never omit their breakfast, should fail to give the poor hungry mind, (which might be developed into taking its place in the intellectual, just as the body in the physical world), its daily food. It is like feeding the body exclusively on jam tartlets to give the mind nothing but idiotic fiction: and when anything more solid is wanted, it is supplied too readily by the empiric periodical literature of the day, which prevents exegetic study of any one subject, the only thing which really developes the intellectual powers. Harry and Margaret had both that ready, responsive mind, which creates ideas out of the physical objects and circumstances with which they come in contact. In the few opportunities which they had hitherto had for intercourse, they had already realised how never ending would be the delight of conversation between them. It seemed the dim realisation of an idea of Harry's about the ideal of marriage, that physical and moral considerations are not to be regarded as the most important of all, and intellectual ones neglected. What bounds would there be to the delight of a marriage in which each party to the arrangement could be the source of the creation of ideas in the other—each learn to supplement the deficiencies of the other, and each give the other the magic assistance of sympathetic co-operation in the work of self-development and intellectual culture! And in the intervals of study—in the walks, rides, drives and journeys, to talk over the loved pursuits all day, and every day, their lighter side, their romance and humor, their interest and amusement!

Some dim realisation of this, as has been remarked above,

was caught by this couple in their short intercourse. Harry had conversed a good deal on the topic with his fair companion—albeit a somewhat risky subject to discuss with an engaged girl. His great trinity of ideas, into all of which he had attempted to initiate her, comprised first the stern treatment of self, secondly, self-culture as a means of raising oneself in the scale of existence, and thirdly, the crusade against the Devil's Gospel of selfishness and egotism. On the stern treatment of self, Harry had talked with such gentleness, that Margaret did not experience the antagonism which this topic usually creates in those to whom it is announced for the first time. He evidently applied it so sincerely to himself—a high standard for oneself, and a low one for others—always to make excuses for others, and never for oneself—to accuse oneself for every failure and to come up smiling again after every crushing blow—sternly to resist the growing up of artificial wants: all these principles or tenets of the creed were to be seen in operation in his daily life. On the self-culture question he had little or nothing to say to Margaret: she had heard it all from Arthur, and she most cordially agreed with him, and he had already begun to take up languages with her. It was a part of the self-culture theory, that not only national, but European literature should be the object of study. It is a wrong to a student to deprive him or her of all that the master minds of all time have left as a legacy to mankind.

On the question of selfishness and its overthrow, and the functions of the Church in upholding this Gospel, the ideas they had discussed were really Arthur's, for Margaret had had them at first hand from him, and Harry had taken them from his published utterances. Of course, Harry acknowledged the indebtedness not only with cheerfulness but with enthusiasm—for truth and hero worship were both cardinal points of his creed. His definition of an English gentleman began with the qualification of not being able to tell a lie, much less to live one, as one does by taking credit which

belongs to another. And as to hero-worship—it was not the blind adulation which some people understand by the term, but a readiness to delight and rejoice in the achievements of others, to be proud of them as if they were your own, and to look upon any attempt to disparage, or deprive them of their meed, as a cardinal crime. Just so in sport, the sportsman rejoices always that the best man wins, and any attempt to get angry over the result proves the perpetrator to belong to an inferior race, for which sport is too lofty a thing!

It was on the floor of the House of Commons that Arthur had given utterance to the "trumpet call" which formed the ground-work of Harry's ideas on the question of the anti-selfishness crusade. The debate was on the disestablishment of the Church, and Arthur, who, curiously enough, his friends thought, had defended the establishment, finished a masterly speech by the following stirring peroration :—

"Sir, there is another side to this question," (in the speech Arthur ignored the failure of the Church to resist social pressure and to preach up morality in Politics), "and one on which I cannot dwell with too great earnestness. We live in a world of transition, in which the philosophers tell us there are forces at work beyond our control, which are sweeping us whither we know not. One of these giant forces appears to me to be the Devil's Gospel of selfishness—national as well as individual. The Church alone can reply when the music sounds, and the invitation is thundered into our ears to fall down and worship this Golden Image. It has to say for the nation No! We should be false to our articles of enlistment as soldiers of the Cross, if we gave in to this hellish creed. We bear, so to speak, a mark on our foreheads, and this proclaims us members of an Order, of which the motto is "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Regardless of all consequences we have to march forth to vindicate the faith we profess. Equal rights for every son of God, the universal brotherhood of man, no unnecessary

restrictions on human liberty, light and rational enjoyment for all; no truckling to expediency but inflexible adherence to principle.

Your interest and that of your neighbour are not antagonistic, but identical, and your highest pleasures will always be derived from altruistic as opposed to self-regarding activity. Belief in the divine in man, and determination to ignore the diabolic, the trust that begets trustworthiness, a willingness to make allowances for others, and to see their best side—these are side issues to the main contention. The dignitaries of the Church must proclaim on high in the pulpit, that politics are not to be divorced from morals, and it is righteousness alone that exalteth a nation, and that no pressure of party, or of Society, or of friends or relatives, must prevail to force us into tortuous paths. The commercialism of the Age must be fought and resisted in all its myriad forms of ugliness. The moral "slump," (as the Americans would say,) which has resulted from the expansion of gold mining, must be followed by a "boom" in the opposite direction. The one pride for those who wield power, must be to show that their characters are proof against this supreme temptation. The only question to be answered is, what is right? And to march straight for this goal, no matter if the cannon be belching fire in your face on the way, is the duty of every Christian soldier. In sober earnestness we do not believe that principle and expediency are antagonistic: as long as the earth is not over-populated, there is no reason why it should be so. One half the energy now wasted in internecine strife, might, in friendly co-operation, work out a limitless amount of good. Not perhaps in the immediate present, but in the long run, principle is sure to prevail. It is immorality and the decline of religion which is at the root of all failures in politics—in commerce—in every department of human activity, and introduced into the highest department, that of public life, it must sooner or later be the ruin of the

Nation. This we firmly believe: but if it were not so, it would not matter: we cannot be false to our master's teaching—the results are not for us—to obey only promptly, cheerfully, without a thought for the future."

Margaret and Harry took their seats at a sweet little table covered with a spotless tea-cloth, under the shade of a big fig tree called in the vernacular a "pipal" or botanically "Ficus Religiosa." Harry had already taught his fair companion to distinguish the Indian Flora, and instructed her how to value nomenclature. He had proved to her that names are pegs on which to hang ideas, and that the pleasure derived from objects in the past, is brought back by the name. Thus your present feelings form a "function of two variables," (to use a mathematical term), your impressions *now*, and your impressions in the past, and are therefore infinitely richer and deeper.

Margaret had been particularly interested in the figs, which are the grandest of the Indian Flora, while the tamarind, (the most *feminine* of all the Indian trees), and the "Millingtonia Gigantica," perhaps, supply the beauty. The delicate needle-like leaves of the "Religiosa" under which they were now sitting, and which, (quivering even in the lightest breeze), suggest the name of "Indian Aspen," supplied the beauty of contrast by comparison with the large round leaves of the "Ficus Indica" or Banian tree. The stem of the "Indica" with its extraordinary net-work of derivative trunks, the offspring of the parent tree, sometimes forms a grove in itself sufficient to encamp a small army. Hard by were the beautiful dark green leaves and curiously spotted stem of the *Ficus Glomerata*, and the varied beauty of still other members of the great family. Near to where their table was spread were also two "Semal" or cotton trees, and their magnificent flange-like roots, comparable perhaps to the vaulting of some Gothic Church, (such as Liege), formed an additional feast for the eyes of our youthful couple. Beginning their conversation with these beauties of natural objects, they curiously enough

went on to the details of their early lives. Each felt the romance of childhood, as they did indeed the romance of everything, the intense interest of everything—to a seeing eye and an enquiring mind, open to impressions from without.

Harry and Margaret could have talked for hours on this subject alone: they each had the knack of making all sorts of little details interesting. They could have spent a time almost limitless in going over the little incidents of their lives; the words and deeds that had arrested their attention, the people they had met, and the analysis of their characters, and all the thousand and one side issues into which this led. Here is a department of intercourse infinite in its fascination and profit; but the "subjective philosophy" must be brought into play. To a commonplace observer everything is commonplace. To the seeing eye the individuality stands out in living colors, fruitful of delight and of practical results—how to live better oneself from the experience of others, and to be of some service to them, perhaps, in the great struggle after perfection. To the pessimist the goal is a hopeless one—to the optimist it stands out as the great beacon light of life, lending it all its color, and all its enthusiasm. Now they were talking of how they divided the day as children—their childish joys and sorrows, and the interest and humor of their small lives viewed in the light of the experience of later life.

How curious it all seemed, and yet how the passions and temptations of maturer days, were mirrored in miniature in the childish lives. And then they went on to history—to the romantic ideas conjured up by the place where they were sitting—in full view of monuments which spoke of departed glories—of the palmy days of Hindu and Mahommedan rule. Harry had got from Arthur, (who generally started ideas for others to take up), the plan of making a list of the salient events in the political history of the world with their dates, in concise but sufficiently full language to fix in the mind the events and their significance.

Margaret had loved history at first, but had been frightened off it by the absurd system, under which children are taught all sorts of events which have had no effect on the Mundane Kaleidescope—burdening the memory with lists of names, and numbers, of absolute unimportance. They now talked of starting a series of cameo literary portraits of romantic and interesting scenes and characters in history, with the object of making the subject more attractive.

They then went back to the monuments of native rule in the country. Each felt the pathos and romance of the subject—how the natives must look back with intense longing to the traditions of their autonomy—as do the Poles under the repressive rule of the Muscovite. And they expressed the strongest sympathy—so rare alas! in the Anglo-Indian—for the people, their aspirations, their complaints, and many good qualities. They saw so clearly what the average Briton seems absolutely incapable of seeing, how strange and repellant our rule must seem to the ignorant masses, how keenly they feel its defects, and how little they are able to appreciate its excellences. The brain channels of the average Briton are blocked by "obsessions" and prejudice, and ideas can find no passage into them.

They talked of the women of India, and Margaret expressed her longing to be doing something for her dusky sisters. She was already studying the language—true to the great principle that wherever you are you should be able to converse with the people. Of what use is it to travel in foreign countries, as so many English people do, having no intercourse with the inhabitants—demanding an England on the Continent, and finding it ready to their hands, (at least over the beaten tourist track), a result which promotes comfort, it is true, but destroys all the educational advantages of the visit. Politically it is a suicidal policy—foreigners learn our language, and get everything they want from us, approaching us only on such sides as they deem advisable, while we get nothing from

them in return. And thus they wandered on from one subject to another, with an occasional trivial remark about the incidents of every-day life, people they had mutually known, and similar topics, but mostly comparing ideas on the great subjects nearest their hearts. They could talk indeed for hours, and even days, (as everybody should be able to talk), without ever once trenching upon personal subjects—not, as so many do, begin asking impertinent questions after five minutes companionship. And thus they sat, far into the evening—after watching the sun set like a ball of fire, behind a beautiful sikra or Hindu Temple—such a *restful* building with perfectly satisfactory lines, after having cast the most enchanting shadows on the grove. The great beauty of all buildings is in the "lines," the eye wandering from base to pinnacle, without its sense of proportion being once wounded. And gradually Orion came out with his glorious half-hoop of Constellations, the two Dogs, Gemini, Auriga with the brilliant Capella, and Taurus with Aldebaran and the Pleiades, a Tiara of diamonds of the sky round the mighty hunter of Boeotia.

And then they strayed on to the great subjects introduced by Astronomy. Julian had taught his sister to know the principal stars, and their names, also pegs on which to hang ideas. They talked of the insignificance of the Earth, the smallest of the planets circling in the smallest of the Solar systems, the whole perhaps forming the most inconsiderable unit of our sidereal system. They mused on the possibility of the earth deriving its importance from evil being permitted on it alone—evil, the only means through which, by contrast, we can appreciate Good—the only means by which we can attain to a higher plane of existence than those who have no battle to fight. Then observing how absolutely *impersonal* intellectual intercourse is—how you meet on the great plane of a common humanity—they digressed again to speculate how the development of the intellectual part of the human mind, would enable men and women to have free unrestrained intercourse with each

other, husbands and wives associating freely with the opposite sex, and then bringing the ideas gained back to share with their life-partners, well chosen each as the intellectual counterpart of the other. Unfortunately, with most human beings, the highest part of their nature not being really developed, the animal predominates, and such intercourse is impossible. Such persons can scarcely be termed alive, at least in the sense of that lofty life for which they were destined.

"It almost takes one's breath away" said Harry, "to think how infinitely more varied and beautiful, how full of never-ending interests life would be could these ideals be realised. In our little planet, we have the opportunity of finding out things as they are. For how can you tell what warmth is if you have never been cold, cold if you have never been hot, satisfaction in eating or drinking if you have never been hungry or thirsty, and pleasure in the relief from pain, if you have never suffered?"

And finally they returned to the beauty and charm of their Indian surroundings, the grand tropical flora and the teeming life—the interest of the history, ethnology and politics, and how fascinating in many ways their daily routine was; the days so lived with Nature—the delight in the sun, the endurance when he became too powerful—the lovely nights in the open-air—the relief of all Nature at the Monsoon—the delicious cold weather and the delightful anticipation as the season grew on. And all of a sudden there came a great sadness over both of them, a sort of anticipation of the impending catastrophe; one of those strange phases of feeling which seem to indicate the connection between the world of spirit and the world of matter, and to speak of the time when men shall really be as gods—knowing, (and anticipating?) good and evil. In the next few months, when the blow had fallen, and the great cataclysm convulsed the country, Harry and Margaret often went back in thought to this time. These halcyon moments, the kingfisher always builds his nest when there is perfect

calm on the water,) seem to take as into union with the Eternal, at least for the moment, for time passes as if it had no real existence. To Margaret it seemed a glimpse of Paradise this communion of kindred spirits—a conversation apparently purposeless, just drifting on from one subject to another as the mood suggested. It was such a change from talking with Arthur, who, (however great her debt to him for initiation into the higher things,) never succeeded in putting her quite at her ease, the pedagogue was never completely sunk. With Harry it was so different —he paid her such a genuine deference, put forth his ideas with such an absence of self-conceit, and such patent genuine desire to hear her own, that she was insensibly drawn out, and felt herself at her best. It is usually so with the more sensitive and diffident natures, when they are liked and appreciated—they are simply astonished at what can be drawn out of them. But the finer the nature the more rare can be the appreciation—by the majority it is bound to be misunderstood.

Can we doubt that the charm of the reminiscence was heightened by the conviction that they had been slumbering, so to speak, on the edge of a volcano ? The most delicious thrills the human heart is capable of are drawn out by the combination of love and danger !

Margaret was eminently fitted to be a soldier's wife ; feminine to the backbone, (notwithstanding her predelection for *sesquipedalia verba !*) the fears, natural to her sex, would always be expelled from her heart by love or duty. The organ, as she loved to say, jestingly, to her few intimates, was too small to contain more than one emotion at a time ! On the whole the woman is generally braver than the man—his is often the bulldog courage which does not understand what danger is—*she* knows that she has the greatest power of all, the power of patient suffering.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORM BREWS.

It was the great day of the biggest race meeting in Northern India; a day "much to be remembered" in the annals of the Empire, for on it the clouds first began to gather ominously, which burst a few weeks later, in a storm of destruction upon the fabric of Power, which the valour of Britain, guided by the *mens aequa in arduis*, had built up in the basin of the Ganges, and on the five river systems of Hindustan. There are at least two "Punjabs" in India; the country watered by the Indus and its tributaries in the North, and the basins of the Mahanadi, the Godavery, the Kistna, the Coleroon and the Cauvery in southern India; though the appellation is a little strained, perhaps, in the latter instance. But these groupings are interesting as illustrating the theory of idea-pegs, and the means of making even such a dry subject as Geography attractive. Could our educational system be so revised as to enlist the heart as well as the head in its service, Englishmen might know something more about their vast colonial possessions, and be better fitted to govern them. When we learn to know and to love the less familiar parts of the Earth, we shall want to embrace its peoples in this knowledge and, (shall we not say?) in this love too.

But we must not linger over these side issues, though it certainly may be argued that the lack of this knowledge, indirectly, at least tended to cause the collapse which we are going to contemplate.

Nature, as so often happens, seemed utterly to ignore the seething human passions, which were so soon to disfigure this fair scene—is the contrast so marked because she works on law, and human nature on impulse?

It was indeed a heavenly scene, and a heavenly day. Signs were not however wanting, indicating to the initiated that the few short months of an Indian winter, the love-

liest and fairest of the Earth's seasons, were coming to their close. But those who marked these signs were chiefly among the workers of the country, those who knew that they would soon be toiling in stifling offices, with all the ills of India on them at once, mosquitoes, brain-fever birds, (a bird whose note threatens you with this disease in such an aggressive tone, and with such persistency, as almost to produce it,) epidemic diseases, and political unrest: and all this while their happier confreres of the directing portion of the "Bureau" would be revelling in another heavenly climate in the Hills, beginning another season just as one was finished, and indeed making the year all season! What wonder that India should be accounted the Paradise of the society butterfly! The thoughts of the workers were probably clouded by the reflection how unsuited to the country is this centralised Government; how the work done on the spot by hard-working officials, who do know what to do, is too often undone by others at a distance who, though probably equally hard-working, do not know what to do, and whose activity is usually only pernicious.

But to the pleasure seeker that eventful day brought no such sad reflections. The morning was calm, bright and windless. As the sun rose gradually over the great race-course and Grand Stand, and lighted up the palm-grove and lake which lay on the right or northern side of it, (the city of Aimakabad lying to the south or left,) the whole prospect seemed like a transformation scene, direct from Fairy Land.

The only human beings who flitted across the course, were two washermen wending their way, each with his donkey laden with soiled clothes, (it must be admitted alas!) towards the beautiful lake! They were uninteresting people, but the talk of even uninteresting people is sometimes important. These two were absorbed in the great topic of the day—the seizure and confinement of Sir Ali Jehan Khan, the leader of the Mahommedan community in upper India, and a member of the Royal Family of Oudh under an obsolete statute.

The charge was unknown, and popular indignation had risen to fever heat over the affair.

"The English are fools," said one of the washermen—"they never know anything, and they act rashly."

"The English are knaves," said the other "their purpose is to disgrace the nobles, so that all may remain poor, and that they may have no one to oppose them."

The two washermen finished their talk in arriving at the lake, and two night-watchmen met each other on its margin, the one going to and the other returning from the Police Station.

"What is the news?" said one according to the invariable custom of the Indian people.

The other replied with the prevailing topic. We will follow the watchman who was going into the city. As he came to the gardens of the wealthy, (the first sign of approach to the great centre of population,) the people who were standing in groups round the portals of the gardens were all talking of the same thing. The first thing a wealthy citizen generally does in India, is to build himself a walled pleasure ground outside the city, whither he retires, after the business of the day is over, often to imbibe hemp drugs, and indulge in the dreamy contemplation to which that leads. As the watchman reached the big bazaar, the same was to be heard—nothing but the one subject. "Old men and beldames in the public streets did prophecy of it dangerously," but those who ought to have known, though dimly conscious of something unusual being afloat, did not realise the extent to which popular feeling was inflamed.

The introduction of English into most public offices had largely contributed to the decay of knowledge of the vernacular, and consequently to the ignorance of what was going on under the surface of things, always the bane of Indian Administration.

* * * *

It was the afternoon of the great meeting, and the course was being cleared for the principal race. The preliminary

canters over, the entire field had made for the starting post. It was the time to observe the humors of the Grand Stand, as all were in their places, and straining eager eyes to follow their particular favorite among the horses.

To an observing eye there was something politically significant even in the aspect of the Stand. Beauty was there in its best frock, and seeming to exult in the spectacle which English Chivalry had provided for its entertainment, sure in the protection of that Chivalry against the unwilling land which seemed, so to speak, to grudge the spectacle which it was forced to afford.

For the sons of the soil were conspicuous by their absence from the parterre of human strength and beauty which we are beholding. A few scions of Indian royal houses, some of whose dominions had been completely absorbed and all curtailed by the conquering British, lent their jewelled turbans to the symphony of color, where, (that is), they had not gone in for European costume.

But the bulk of the Indian crowd was outside, in a surging mass, dominated and bullied by native policemen, who would allow the merest European rough to break through them, and cross the course.

Suddenly there was a great commotion, and everyone looked round to ascertain the cause of it. It appeared that a Native officer of one of the regiments in garrison, Sirdar Jehangir Singh, a scion of the Royal House of the Panjab, attempted to cross the line, and had been stopped by the native Policemen. He resented the coercion, and a scuffle ensued, which directed all eyes to its cause. All of a sudden a shot was fired, and it turned out that a revolver which was in the officer's dress, had gone off, and the bullet passing through the brain of one of his assailants, instantly killed him.

Such at least was the story which got about at first, but directly afterwards it was whispered that the officer had actually shot his assailant, and he was instantly seized and hurried off to the lock-up.

A low murmur of dissatisfaction through the crowd showed how the incident had been resented by the people. It was in everybody's mouth that the leaders of both sides, (Hindu and Mahommedan), were now in jail, and both unjustly. An Eastern community does not weigh events calmly, when its feelings have once been roused. Popular indignation rose high, and the native Press began to write intemperate articles, and the authorities to contemplate the advisability of prosecuting them under the Press Act. But this is anticipating—nothing happened on this particular occasion—except that a couple of horses were killed just in front of the Grand Stand. One dropped down dead from a broken heart just in the moment of victory in one of the races, and another had to be shot after a terrible accident. The festive day closed with the masked Ball as usual, most people heedless and probably ignorant of what was going on.

This meeting practically terminated the season in the plains. In a few weeks all the Governments had adjourned to their retreats in the Hills, and the land appeared to sleep.

But the spring had scarcely blossomed into early summer, when rumors of complications on the North West Frontier began to be whispered in the bazaars. Trouble had been brewing with Russia over the eternal Persian question all the winter, but as the authorities at St. Petersburgh were playing a waiting game, public interest in the subject had cooled down. This was long before the matter was even mentioned in the Public Press, for it is notorious that these things always do reach the bazaars, before they are alluded to in the Papers, though perhaps the Editors thought it inadvisable to speak, as long as they could possibly refrain from doing so. But soon things began to be so threatening that they could not be ignored, and it was considered the best way to discuss them openly. From all over India came stories of menacing letters received by officers of Government, of proclamations inciting the faithful to rise and

throw off the yoke of their foreign oppressors, and of ominous movements on the part of suspicious persons. These signs had been observed before, and nothing had ever come of them, and the Government had often been told not to get "jumpy" about matters, so it quietly ignored them. Ever since the mutiny of 1857 we had had scares, and nothing had ever come to pass, of any importance. But the most significant sign of the times was the receipt of anonymous warning letters by officers of the Civil Service, and others whom the Natives loved, for some reason or another, urging them to take their wives and families out of India—something was evidently in the air; everyone's mind was full of it. After the first notices in the Public Press, which hinted at Russian intrigues in Afghanistan, and a secret bazaar agency through which the popular indignation over the incidents mentioned above, had been fomented,—no further notice had been taken of what was going on. The papers quietly wrote of other matters, and at the English Clubs no one discussed the absorbing topic of the hour. It was against the unwritten law of the moment to even mention the subject, though it was known that the country was in a state of ferment. Meantime, those ladies who were notoriously timid were being quietly induced to leave the country. The rest refused to go, point blank, and declared their intention of staying by their husbands and brothers, whatever happened.

All honor to these noble women, albeit that their presence was a source of terrible anxiety and embarrassment to their men-folk. The timid sort are an impossibility at such a juncture. Timidity and laziness are kindred vices, and these ladies are much in the society of their native serving-maids or ayahs, whom they allow, too often, to dress them from head to foot, gossiping all the time. The ayahs repeat the foolish talk of their mistresses, breathing of their fears and fancies, in the bazaars, and the idea gets abroad that we are panic stricken!

Every one was expecting some startling denouement, but

the weeks passed on, and nothing happened. No one seemed able to tell what was delaying the blow which all felt impending. On previous occasions when something had weakened the hands of Government, all sorts of things had occurred. Crime had been rampant. Ominous events had taken place all over the country: now there was absolute stagnation except of pen and tongue—only it was clear that popular feeling was about as bad as it could be. What was going to happen? If a catastrophe was coming what continued to avert it? No one guessed that the enemy was within our own camp, and that the organisation which our acts or omissions had suffered to grow up, was so powerful as to be able, not only to strike the blow, but to restrain anyone from striking it before the psychological moment.

The Government had long been warned to reform the Police, but had failed to realise what were the real root-evils of the system—the worthless class of men who got into the Force, and the opportunity these possessed of arrogating to themselves an irregular influence and power, out of all proportion to their position; a state of things probably only to be understood by those conversant with the workings of political organisations in America.

It is indeed difficult for the average every-day citizen, engaged in getting his livelihood in a common-place but fairly honest and ordinary manner, to comprehend how the evil forces of the world can be engineered and worked by a corrupt knot of unscrupulous men, who have brought to a fine art the power of utilising the fears and cravings of mankind for their own ends. Few perhaps appreciate the seemingly trite saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, or how much there is beneath the surface that is not seen. The governed rarely know what puppets their so called governors are, how they are swayed by forces and influences, to which they bow, in many cases unconsciously. In the case of the Indian Police the forces utilised were of course the same as elsewhere, timidity and cupidity in the masses, operating with ten-fold

strength in the Asiatic, and an additional force of enormous magnitude, not found in the West, as a rule, the organised co-operation of the criminal classes. Fear is the dominant passion of the East, and its curious paradox will never be understood by those who cannot see that it can, constantly, co-exist with extreme personal bravery. It can only be eradicated by that higher culture which makes the only thing to be feared falsehood to principle. To those who understand the power of this terrible passion, it will be easy to comprehend how every man, woman and child in the country bowed to the predominant feeling—nothing must be said of what all knew was going on. In after years it was a great subject of discussion among his friends as to whether Julian had known of the great organisation. Some held that he and a small number of other Englishmen also had known, but having received the information under promise of absolute secrecy, had been unable to divulge it. This was, of course, an untenable hypothesis in Julian's case, though some might have salved their consciences by the reflection that they would not be believed, if they yielded to *force majeure* and broke their promises. Certainly those who told the authorities of the dangerous and uncontrollable power which their vicious system of Police administration had conjured up, were looked upon as alarmists and pessimists, and their warnings denounced as hysterical romances.

The general demand for reform could not, however, be ignored, and commission after commission sat, only to leave things much as they were before. The drastic remedies which alone could have purged away the evil, were, clearly, to increase the power, dignity and emoluments of the Force, until good men would consent to serve within its ranks, and to let them do the work largely in their own way, and also to undertake the systematic reform of all professional criminals. It was only after the great catastrophe that it was recognised how vicious political theories 'imported from England' had influenced Indian administration for evil, how

principles themselves outworn, and obnoxious to the charge of anachronism even in their native land, had been taken out alive, so to speak, to breed political bacteria, in a country which would have done better to begin with a clean slate. But it was, perhaps, too much to expect such deep insight from the members of the Commissions.

They prided themselves upon their practical principles, forgetting that practical measures can never be successful unless based on sound theory, and that the truly practical man is he who cultivates a proper sense of proportion, allowing each factor in the result, its due place and value. The pessimists, who prophesied that the Commission would leave matters much as they were, proved themselves in the right. The old fatal system of tinkering was adhered to, with the usual results, until the Police came to regard themselves as unreformable and invincible. The Government having conjured into being a monster, which it could not control, the creation of a Political organisation was an easy next step. With a secret agency all over the land, ripe for her machinations, Russia had, for the nonce, the game in her hands. But even after securing the only agency which, through the mistake of not making the service Imperial, was available for combined action against us over the whole of India, the enemy did not venture to strike alone. He had to cast about for an ally, which he found ready to his hand in Germany, goaded into a rupture of diplomatic relations by the aggressive action of the Federal Government of Australia, in the settlement of the Pacific. The German plan of co-operation was a raid into South Africa, with arms for the disaffected Boers. Thus backed, the Napoleon of the North proceeded to gain over Afghanistan, under promise of Mahomedan rule in a portion of the Peninsula. This was what had given rise to the Frontier scare above alluded to, for the actual rupture was brought about over the Persian Question. Even at the last moment the Emperor and his responsible advisers hung back, but their hands were forced by the Military party.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM BURSTS.

Before making this chapter fulfil its name, we have to view one more scene in the development of the great drama at Aimakabad.

But, with this exception, we cannot linger over details, except to follow the fortunes of our hero and heroine to the end.

The scene takes place on a stifling night in the beginning of June, in one of the most crowded and filthy lanes of the great city. Great indeed! So full of teeming human life and interest, and yet so absolutely outside the ken of the foreign element in the land. A large gathering of influential persons is taking place, quite openly, in the chief Police Station itself, at which the steps to be taken on the break up of the British Empire are being quite freely discussed, the only attempt at concealment being the choice of an hour past midnight, which might also, however, have been selected for reasons of coolness. Certainly no alternative plan could have blinded the eyes of the authorities so well as this absolute fearlessness, and so great had the power of the Police become, that no meeting under their auspices would ever have been spoken of outside the City; it had become a maxim of unwritten law, that the doings of the Police were never to be discussed, or even mentioned.

The gathering was, as a matter of fact, under the actual Presidency of the Chief Police Officer of the City. No dweller in peaceful, commonplace England, can have any conception of the power wielded, (and too often for evil,) by the Chief Constable of an Indian City; when, that is, he is a man of powerful character; when he is weak, his

power is wielded by one of his subordinates. Not a leaf, so to speak, stirs within his jurisdiction, without the fact being reported to him, and he knows the misdoings of all his subordinates, each one of whom can only carry on his malpractices with his superior's sanction. The entire web of mingled good and evil—for a certain amount of good has to be accomplished in deference to public opinion—is weaved into a harmonious whole to suit the particular views of the Chief. The extraordinary organisation we are considering can be understood only by one who really grasps the " City Question" in Indian Police Administration. The cities spread a kind of political malaria for miles around them, the extent varying with the energy for evil at the centre. When combined action has been arranged between the leading men at the centres, the absorption of the intervening rural areas is an easy final step. Thus the one power which, properly engineered, could have wrought out such good to the country, was suffered to become the means of upsetting the whole fabric of administration and plunging the land in anarchy and bloodshed! No one could have foreseen how much good was to be evolved out of this apparent triumph of evil: the storm was necessary to clear the air. Once assembled inside the walls of the Police Station, the gathering addressed itself to the business of the hour. The precautionary measure was taken of ascertaining that no one was present who could not be thoroughly trusted, though this was really unnecessary, and then this extraordinary assemblage proceeded to discuss all sorts of questions connected with the expected march of the combined Russian and Afghan armies upon the city.

Among other minor details, debated with a good deal of passionate eagerness, was the question of whether Julian's life was to be spared or not. A minority was against any exception being made to the hard and fast rule of getting rid of every foreigner. There was no idea of vengeance, but simply that no individual could be left alive, who might

possibly develop into a leader of forces directed against the new order of things. But the "New order" contained within itself the elements of its own destruction. It is a curious instance of the inconstancy and instability of things Asiatic, that while the new Police Organisation was at the zenith of its power, two other movements were springing up in the country which eventually led, more than anything else, to the recall of the British. The followers of the Prophet of Mecca were planning a Mahommedan Empire under Afghan leadership to begin with, whilst the dreams of the professors of the rival religion were directed towards the restoration of the old glories of Sivaji and the Hindu revival. Each determined to be content with the portion of the Peninsula assigned to them, to begin with, and gradually to get to work to destroy the power of the other, and absorb the whole.

The leaders of these embryo factions formed the minority which opposed all clemency, because they feared that Julian might, somehow or another, get to know their secrets. The majority however decided that his life should be spared. Our hero had endeared himself so to the native population, that nearly all inclined to the double object of saving a beloved life, and justifying themselves with European public opinion. It was felt that this one man at least, could he reach his native land in safety, would tell the English people what had caused the Rovolution, and how the state of public opinion had forced men's hands all over the country, and made it impossible for them to take any but the one side.

After settling this knotty point, this unique assembly broke up.

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A month after the scene we have been contemplating, the blow fell. It was getting late in the month of July, but the periodical rains had not yet fallen. The weather was unbearable, the hearts of all were at the lowest ebb of despair in reference to the season, and it was generally

surmised that the horrors of famine were going to be added to the horrors of war.

The evil atmosphere of the earth seemed at once to harmonise with, and to exacerbate, the passions of men, when the awful news was flashed over the wires to Head Quarters, that the combined Russian and Afghan Army was in full march on the Khyber. The next news was even more serious : the Afridi regiments mutinied to a man, and easily overpowering the Khyber Rifles, opened the Pass to the enemy. In the sequel, of course, every pure Hindu or Mahommedan soldier followed their example, but the Gurkhas perished fighting, side by side with their English comrades, while the Sikhs refused to fight at all, and were disarmed and disbanded.

Afterwards, when the frightful internecine warfare, which was the cause of the recall of the British, had raged for some months, the Sikhs armed themselves again ; and eventually dominated the whole Peninsula. But they had no leader competent to undertake Civil Administration, and they expressed the common wish of nearly everyone when they sent out their memorable invitation to their former masters. They were of course invaluable in hunting down the bands of armed marauders who were the only survivors of the Russian dream of a combined Hindu and Mahommedan sovereignty, under their hegemony.

The military authorities had for some time been prepared for a blow being struck on the North-West Frontier, and a large army of observation was stationed at Peshawar. The difficulties which had been brewing all the winter with Russia over the question of railway concessions in Persia, had culminated in acute tension as the winter ripened into spring, and all surmised that the authorities at St. Petersburg were only waiting, (as indeed, from their point of view they were quite right in doing), for the advent of summer. Nothing ever happens in India in the winter, for of course all elements of unrest wait for the time when the season itself fights against the upholders of order, and the comple-

tion of harvest operations gives leisure to the agriculturist.

As if the whole of the destructive agencies were to be launched against the devoted British Army at once, a terrible out-break of cholera devastated the Camp at Peshawar, which became one vast hospital.

Then another piece of news followed like a thunder clap on the unfortunate Government. The Bagdad railway, having been built by combined German and Russian capital, right up to the head of the Persian Gulf, and a canal, suitable for fairly large vessels, formed out of the waters of the Shat-el-Arab the combined stream of the great twin rivers—this spot had been chosen for launching a corresponding expedition, to co-operate with the "Army of India." The Russian Fleet by a feint on Ceylon attracted away the whole of the British squadron. The Admiral, though warned not to leave Karachi defenceless, had refused to listen to advice, and his obstinacy gave away the whole show. The Russian army managed to elude our cruisers, and to march away across Persia to some obscure port in the Gulf of Oman, where they shipped in Arab Dhows, and were conveyed across the sea to Karachi.

To meet this double attack with an already depleted garrison, every available man had to be hurried to the Frontier. The unprotected districts were left to the mercy of the internal foe. With the exception of the few Forts still remaining in military hands, India woke up one morning to find itself masterless. All remnants of the British authority had perished before the Police organisation, except where British garrisons held strongholds. A hellish plot had been, (it was afterwards discovered), concocted to tamper with the native servants of the officers. But it had completely failed : scarcely in a single instance had a servant been false to his salt. This was only one of the many proofs of how easy it is to govern India, if it is done on right lines.

The servant question had long agitated the land, and legislation had to be resorted to for the purpose of solving it.

It was an honourable exception to the majority of the enactments which had found their way, of recent years, into the Statute book, and was of the most liberal, broad-minded, and sensible description, and had the happiest effect. The broad lines of the arrangements were, that in return for a small yearly contribution on the part of both masters and servants, a semi-official Association enquired into, and certified the character of all employes. A large donation had been made to the funds of the Association by a philanthropic American millionaire, who had taken a great interest in the servant question all over the world, and had been completely fascinated by India, which he visited nearly every winter. The donation was specially intended for the payment of old age and invalid pensions to deserving servants, and, with a prophetic insight into the future, had been invested in American securities, the interest alone being remitted yearly to India. This money had been found sufficient, hitherto, to pay the pensions of all deserving servants, the amount being supplemented in many instances by voluntary contributions on the part of masters.

The whole arrangement had produced an intense feeling of loyalty on the part of domestic servants, and these had, in nearly every instance, died in the heroic attempt to defend their masters' lives.

Nothing perhaps tended so much to soften public opinion in England, as this noble and disinterested conduct on the part of this community, for it afterwards transpired that many servants had been offered posts under the new administration in return for aiding, as they could so well have done, in the work of destruction. This circumstance helped to accentuate the all too tardy recognition of the enormous importance of that popular content which had hitherto been so grievously ignored. For it was absolutely plain that nothing in the world could have upset the British Government of India, if it had only rested on this broad basis of universal satisfaction. Even with the universal dissatisfaction, which a variety of circumstances had combined to

produce, the attempt would have been nearly certain to fail, if it had not been for the extraordinary folly of allowing the corrupt Police Force to continue, (recruited principally from the very dregs of the people), instead of sweeping it away root and branch. While it remained the happy hunting-ground of the unscrupulous, it was perhaps wise not to do what so many critics urged—make it efficient by co-operation all over the Continent. Properly officered, of course it might have been as powerful for good as it was now made for evil, especially with the aid of the criminal classes, who were already possessed of that power of joint action which their masters the Police hitherto lacked. The Railways, the Post Office, the Telegraph, the safety and rapidity of communication generally—all had tended to this end, while the power of joint co-ercion had been growing less and less. What wonder that, to the desperate and ardent spirits of the Force, should have occurred the idea of combining to exercise political power and set up a native administration? They seemed to feel, instinctively, that their one chance was to take advantage of the wave of anti-British feeling and religious fanaticism which had swept across the country. It must be now or never: a force so powerful for evil could never last indefinitely. It was abundantly shown by the sequel, how impossible either Hindu, Mahommedan or Afghan rule would have been for the country. Russian rule might certainly have been perpetuated, and with it the death knell of Indian progress would have been sounded.

But the only force which could have kept things together was diverted elsewhere, and utter chaos was the result. Thus was the opportunity furnished for a new and improved British Administration to rise, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the general conflagration.

Strange indeed was the denouement: it might have been "India irredenta" for centuries—the educated Indians crying out for something better, and never getting it—or the "third party" might have been organised and things

put right without a cataclysm. But providence ordered otherwise—the blow fell—the existing fabric was swept away, and the re-organisers of the Empire entered on their task with a " clean slate."

The cry of vengeance did not go up; all honor to the British Nation that it was so. It mourned for its sins, and was too much taken up with them to blame anyone else. It was recognised that the people whom we had governed for more than a century, and never understood, had yielded to one of those extraordinary waves of feeling which pass over nations as well as individuals—had acted upon an irresistable impulse which they could not withstand.

The scenes of the military revolt of 1857 were repeated—the most astonishing barbarities committed by those who, under ordinary circumstances, would not have hurt a fly. These all came out when the Siberian prisoners were liberated, and when the nation had decided on and carried out its plan of action. When the first contingent of the new Indian Army reached land, scarcely an Englishman was to be found in the country, as the survivors had all been deported. This strengthened the impression of horror produced at home by the catastrophe, as at first sight it appeared as if the entire white population had been wiped out. It was all attributed to " *Force Majeure.*" Britain herself was under the influence of a " wave " of national penitence, and determination to look at the other side of every question. She remembered the many unrecorded crimes committed by her own soldiers after the mutiny, and " atrocities" made no difference to the final settlement. We must defer the detailed consideration of the causes which produced the catastrophe, and the subsequent fate of India, until we have followed our heroine and her chivalrous protector in their marvellous escape from the wrath to come.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHAT WILL THEY SAY IN ENGLAND?"

How the blow fell in Julian's district was never exactly known, for few trustworthy witnesses survived. It was surmised that in common with several other districts all over the Peninsula, personal influence had sufficed to hold it loyal, for some months, until overwhelmed in the deluge of anarchy which swept over the land. It soon turned out that the Police themselves had called into being forces which they could not control, by supplying the dangerous classes with arms. Whether any influence had been sufficient to deter the native officers from yielding to the demands of the secret organisation, was never quite proved. But it was conjectured with reference to this particular District that the Police had, at the last moment, found themselves unable to desert their beloved master, and had died with him in defence of law and order.

But when the only survivors of the great catastrophe started on their adventurous journey, down country, Julian's district was certainly an oasis in the desert of anarchy. It was well known that authority had been upset in all the surrounding districts, and a few English fugitives had taken refuge with our hero, comprising officers of all branches of the administration.

'The last words of Julian of a didactic kind were preserved in the memory of his friend, for he made a speech after their last dinner together in justification of his general policy, and in refusal of the urgent request which all made to him to save his own life, and go home to tell his country what had caused the Revolution. It was indeed a memorable evening: the assembled company could scarcely be

called gay, but the thoughtful air which most of those present wore, scarcely spoke of the conviction which all must have had, that this might very possibly be their last meal together.

The bare-footed native servants, whose noiseless tread is so refreshing to ears weary of the sound of the creaking boots of an European waiter, rendered their grateful and attentive service, as if it were the most ordinary occasion of every day life. No one knew whether these same servants would turn out friend or foe on the morrow, for they were holding an unplundered treasury with a Police guard, which could by no means be considered reliable. It had been found impossible to get rid of all the suspected elements in time, and individuals received in exchange could never be relied on, while an attack from outside was hourly expected. But there was no change in the demeanour of either Master towards Servants, or Servants towards Master, to indicate that anything unusual was looked forward to. As the evening wore on, and Julian's excellent Champagne began to cause a certain amount of exhilaration, a kind of determination to enjoy life, even though on the brink of a Volcano, seemed to set in.

Julian's speech rather rudely recalled the company to the realities of the situation, but it had to be done somehow, and he had to bring it in, in response to a toast of his health. He said: " I believe that you all may have misunderstood my general policy, and as this may be the last opportunity I shall have of explaining it, I wish to try and do so. I have been accused of disloyalty to Government, because I have introduced methods of working which have not been approved by my own service.

But I have never been forbidden by superior authority to use these methods, and I would unhesitatingly carry out any order I received. How could I fail to do so, when implicit obedience to orders is one of my special principles, though a readiness to hear objections to them is another. Remonstrance I certainly should feel bound to use, if I

thought any order were likely to cause harm, but if it were unheeded, I should feel myself bound to carry out the order to the very letter.

Then I have been accused of want of patriotism, in bringing in the voice of the people into the workings of Government, and for the dissatisfaction which I have certainly expressed, and undoubtedly feel, at the general conduct of our Administration. I have been much hurt at this accusation : I belive firmly that British rule is the only rule for India, and if, as seems probable, it is now temporarily uprooted, it will only be temporarily, for I am perfectly certain that the whole country will demand it again as soon as there has been time to compare its merits with any that may be substituted for it. The reason why I want to see reform is because the people should never have any ground for even supposing that a change might be for the better ; and thus that all chance of this terrible anarchy, which we now see threatening the land, and which will cause such wide spread suffering, and retard progress so fearfully, may be obviated. And I believe I am accused by some, of personal pusillanimity : it is said that I am trying to curry favour with the people, because I believe a catastrophe imminent, and want them to protect me. This is too absurd to be seriously considered. Every one must know that, in such contingencies, personal popularity counts for nothing—forces are called into being which are restrained by no sanction, and to survive or perish is merely a matter of luck.

No, my friends, I am no little Englander. I am an Imperialist of the deepest dye ; and for this reason I must dècline to entertain for a moment your proposition that I should leave my post, and accept the offer of a mutinous service to escort me safely out of the country. My sister has been prevailed upon to accept the offer, and as she cannot travel alone, my dearest friend will escort her : the promise of this means of escape may, or may not be a genuine one, but, after many prayers and searchings of

heart, we have decided to take the risk. We are bound to do what we can to save her life, for the sake of one who is not here to vindicate his claims, if not for her own, and this seems the best of all chances.

But my duty is to stay where I am, with you, and if the worst comes to the worst to join you in selling our lives as dearly as we can. The users of brute force must find out that it is of no avail killing off individual Englishmen: there are countless others to take their place. We don't intend to give up India, whatever happens—why should we when we conscientiously believe that it is best for both countries to retain it? The Cataclysm which has overwhelmed us may be the best thing for us afterwards: it may sweep away all those vested interests which have made it so difficult to "put our house in order."

* * * *

Next morning the fugitive pair started for Bombay. Of Margaret's parting with her brother we shall say nothing; their conflicting emotions tore their very hearts in sunder, and both acted and spoke as though in a dream.

His sister said no word to Julian that could be construed into persuasion to escape. She knew that she was saying "good-bye" to him for ever, but she equally knew that he was right in his decision.

He was sealing his faith with his blood—and should her voice be uplifted to urge him to be false to his ideals, and to his lofty standard of duty?

* * * *

Our last Indian picture will be the wonderful escape of Harry and Margaret after the parting with her brother, whose singular popularity with the natives of India, was the cause of their safety. It will have been gathered that the sentiment between Margaret and Harry, had grown into a deep feeling of attachment, which they neither of them could disguise. The touch stone of peril which reveals the true gold in human beings, also makes manifest the hidden attachments of the heart. When the pair, hastily collecting

a few necessaries of life, jumped into the little dog-cart which was to be their only means of safety the eyes of each said to Julian:—"You know our secret."

There was no idea of disloyalty to Arthur, but it was very doubtful if he would claim his promised bride, and in the instant expectation of death, everything was lawful. Hand in hand they sat, Harry holding the reins with one hand, and sending the old pony on with the sound of his voice.

We shall not wish to linger over the details of their escape; they neither of them liked to have the subject referred to, when it was all over, by any third person. Doubtless there were scenes of horror, through which they must have passed, blood-curdling enough to make them shrink from reminiscences. But this was not the real reason of their avoidance of the topic. They felt the extraordinary nature of their association: they were utter strangers so far as relationship was concerned, she, the promised bride of another. They had to live many days in proximity of a most compromising nature, and each felt how difficult it was for the world to believe in his honor and her purity through it all. But these extraordinary circumstances probably saved their reason. It is almost impossible to believe that they could have reached their destination without going mad, had it not been for these distracting influences. There was much of a fearful joy in the situation. Harry was in the constant companionship of his beloved—he was her protector, adviser and guardian in this deadly hour of peril.

No ear was present which could overhear the sweet converse which made them constantly and absolutely forget their danger. They seemed to snatch "red pleasure from the teeth of pain." The song of birds, the sunshine, overpowering though it was in the middle of the day, the scent of flowering shrubs, the sweet early morning air,—such a relief after the breathless nights—the petty details of human life and toil, the opportunity for studying the habits of birds and beasts, all brought them a harvest of fearful joy.

They both had, as we have seen, that romantic interest in everything which makes the whole world an enchanted palace. And then each felt a new dignity, so to speak, from the situation. It seemed to Harry as though her brother and betrothed had in effect both made Margaret over to him to keep for them; he felt the honor, for he was one of those to whom such a trust could be confided with safety. He had always said about this subject—"if a man can trust you with his watch, then why not with his wife or his betrothed?" His whole nature seemed to rise to the calls upon it. Margaret, in her turn, had somewhat similar feelings, of course with the necessary differentiations; she felt all shyness at an end—only an utter sense of trust. Each, however, also felt that death could only bring joy to them—they could die in each others' arms, should it please the Almighty to "Lay death like a kiss upon their lips." And so the fear of the "Destroyer" absolutely passed away. They would do their best to discharge the trust committed to them, and if they failed, just pass hand in hand through the Dark Valley to the unknown Beyond, leaving the doubts, disillusions and disappointments of their troubled existence behind them. It should be so with us always—alas that the ideal is not realised. "Perfect love casteth out fear"—but our love is not perfect, we want our own ways of dying as well as of living, and therefore we are not prepared just to lie down in our Heavenly Father's arms, and cross the stream under *(His)* pilotage. The valiant never taste of death but once, instead of dying the twenty thousand deaths of the coward:—and so with the loving—the real lover of God—he never tastes of death but once. Could we but take this ideal to our hearts, would not all the misery caused by apprehension disappear? What a senseless thing is fear! To exaggerate evils instead of robbing them of half their sting by bearing them bravely!

And so they passed on in a kind of dream—through the terrible heat, and untold hardships, just buoyed up to bear them all by each other's loved companionship. The little

pony lived on almost nothing, grazing where he could, except when an occasional feed of some fodder crop came in his way; like the horses in Australia who browse the bare ground for the few green stalks which it yields. Their own supply of tinned meat soon came to an end and then they had to depend upon what the villagers gave them.

Not the least remarkable of all the surprises of that remarkable time, was the extraordinary power exercised by the Police organisation, which, as we have seen, became the real destroying agency of the old Administration. The absolute completeness of this machine, showed how effectual it might have become, as future events actually proved, for stamping out crime, and bringing all parts of India into harmonious co-operation.

It was undoubtedly this organisation which saved our travellers. The fiat was passed along, from district to district, that they were relatives of Julian's and were to be protected, and got safely out of the country. Throughout their journey they were the recipents of a rude hospitality. Day after day they rose at three in the morning, sometimes earlier, to make their march in the cool of the day. Day after day they saw the sun rise like a ball of fire—heard the sweet sounds, and saw the interesting sights of an early tropical morning, the partridge, black and grey, (the latter, though not really a partridge but a franklin, having a sound like our own bird, and the former saying *he did, he did it*, in answer to the plover's *did he do it*), the jackal starting home after his nightly depredations, and the fox barking with dissatisfaction at the poor success of his own.

Too often, alas! their ears were tortured by the "brain fever" bird, that feathered songster of ill-omen telling the unfortunate Anglo-Indian of the advent of the burning tropical summer, with all the discomforts and dangers of Indian life coming on at once.

This bird, which is a kind of Cuckoo, sometimes changes its note very early in the summer into another, which seems to say "rain coming" in a very gentle, melancholy, but

soothing voice, the very antithesis of the true "brain fever" note.

This curious song has derived its expressive nickname from the aggressive ascent of the gamut, followed by a cadence which pronounces the word "brain fever," in some cases most distinctly. A musician is reminded of the concluding bars of the fourth or "Leonora" overture to "Fidelio."

Here is another of the curious contrasts of India:—No sooner do we begin the so-called hot weather, the hot dry time before the periodical rains, than some change in the atmosphere sets in, and a few days of east wind seem to tell of the coming "Monsoon." Though most people say they prefer the dry heat, that the east wind makes them feel as if they were "coming unglued," yet the promise of rain, of the pleasant season when the heat passes away for a time, and the arid dry plain bursts forth into verdure and life of all kinds, cannot lack a charm to most people. And so this change in the note of this horror or horrors, brings a thrill of joy to the Anglo-Indian in his summer "solitary confinement with hard labor." He looks forward to that delightful time which generally lasts for a week at least after the first fall of rain—when doors are flung open, one walks abroad amidst all the bursting beauty of the tropical land, and can wander about as in England—the frog croaks, the now harmless brain fever bird sings of more rain coming, and all nature, animate and inanimate, rejoices in the relief. The earth seems studded with rubies by the Cochineal insect, and the only drawback is in the flights of white ants, (and consequent invasion of themselves or their wings into the dishes of those who are rash enough to take meals with open doors), varied with the occasional descent of a huge insect into one's wineglass just when about to drink! All these sights and sounds, anticipations and reminiscences, impressed themselves with deep power upon Harry and Margaret; and even after arrival at home, after their wonderful preservation, they would look back, when quite

alone, upon this time, and live it over again—the horrors of their situation, joined with the joy of being together, produced such an excited state of emotion, that the most trivial incidents of their flight impressed themselves upon them with extraordinary force and distinctness.

Occasionally they would pass by ruined Government Offices, railways torn up, bridges blown down with dynamite, (distributed of course by the Police Organisation,) telegraph posts lying on the ground, and other outward and visible signs of a political cataclysm. On more than one occasion they had to hide, while bodies of mutinous troops passed by, and sometimes heard "news of battle," of brave compatriots selling their lives dearly against overwhelming odds, with a heroism which met with no grudging recognition from their enemies. It all explained the truth of what the so-called Cassandras had said in their unheeded warnings, that the fabric of British Power might disappear as easily as a pack of cards, or a house of sand that little children build in their pastime by the sea-shore. And over all, a great silence brooded—a silence that might be felt—just the waiting for the Russian Conqueror to walk in and take over the possessions which its rival was unable to keep. Afterwards, when the change of rule had taken place, the peasants might be seen ploughing their fields just as if nothing had happened. The patient East "heard the legions thunder by and slumbered on again." But just at this time there was comparatively little to do in the fields, and a silence like that of the grave, brooded over the land. Here and there, groups of sullen-looking bad characters were to be seen clustered, but the Police had still kept their power intact, and they did no harm to the travellers. When they eventually did reach Bombay they found the whole place under Russian rule. The whole of the English shipping had been destroyed, and it seemed as if they had only survived to fall into the hands of the enemy, and go to Siberia. But here again their good luck, versatility of character, or Providential interference saved

them. They passed themselves off as French fugitives, called themselves Monsieur and Mademoiselle Villemont, represented their relationship as that of brother and sister, and took ship on a Mail Steamer bound for Marseilles. Having spoken French all the way down country, they were able to impose upon the Russian Officials, and even on those of the "Messageries Maritimes," the native Police of course corroborating their story. Here was an early, and extremely practical fruit of their self-culture!

On arrival in London they were absolutely without clothes and absolutely without money.

They communicated at once with Arthur, whose astonishment at their appearance, may be better imagined than described; and he took them in, in his new London house, where he always had a separate suite of rooms devoted to his lady guests, so that they could utilise the public rooms or remain in seclusion, as they pleased.

* * * * * *

Let us pass over the first few days of their return to the Metropolis, which, in common with the rest of England, was weeping for its lost army.

Arthur was not slow to discern the true state of affairs between his betrothed and her preserver. He was at first loth to give up his claim, especially as Margaret was the heroine of the moment, but better feelings afterwards prevailed, and he willingly agreed to be the instrument of joining their hands. He arranged a quiet wedding from his own house, almost before the great news had reached Featherstone.

We must not attempt to picture the joy of their families, on receiving the supposed lost ones safe back again. Oh the (apparently) hopeless, prayers that had been breathed for their safety! How often had the sweet hymns, the "Mizpah," ("keep our loved ones now far distant 'neath Thy care") and "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away," been sent up from almost breaking hearts to the Divine Presence Chamber! Almost the sole survivors of this im-

mense host! and yet how true it was that their prayers, (qualified with the ever necessary addition, "Thy will be done"), had been equally answered in the case of those who had *not* survived. It was expedient that some, nay rather that many should die for the nation. Nothing short of this great national calamity, in which scarcely a single English home but was involved, would have produced the necessary effect upon sluggish England. The ground has always to be watered with the blood of her sons, before the seeds of England's future greatness can be sown. And they die with such readiness, even eagerness sometimes, though some may sigh to leave a world which is bright for them, or helpless loved ones who will tread their lonely path in fear, and perhaps in suffering, when the strong arm on which they lean lies helpless in the grave. It was also well that Julian had sealed his faith with his blood: his countrymen would not have believed in him, had he not done so. And Harry, an officer from an outside department of the service, having nothing to do with administration, could tell them, as no one else could, the causes of the great disaster.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIAGNOSIS OF A POLITICAL DISEASE.

It was but natural that the temporary loss of India to the Empire, should have stimulated a large majority of the public to speculation as to the causes of the catastrophe. As after the mutiny, innumerable theories found more or less acceptance among different sections of the community, so there was no lack of variety in the opinions now hazarded.

The whole series of events had shewn how enormously strong the British Government of India was. Nothing but the extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, the temporary union of Russia and Germany for the partition of our Empire, and the simultaneous consent of Afghanistan to the Russian plans, could have brought about the tragic end, the practical annihilation of the small handful of white people who had hitherto ruled Hindustan. Not even this adverse chain of events would have brought about the disaster, if it had not been for the corrupt organisation which we had been cherishing in our midst—the Police. It was of course perfectly natural that this body should lose their heads, and indulge in "Schwarmerei," as the Germans call it, when so many attempts at reforming them had failed, and the enormous extent of their power had been demonstrated. Besides this, they had, true to the Asiatic character, concluded that the authorities had not reformed them, because they were afraid of them. This of course immediately turned their heads, and gave them an exaggerated idea of their own importance. So far all was plain sailing: but a number of thinkers held that even these patent forces would not have produced the collapse, had it not been for the widespread popular discontent which enabled them to

operate under the most favorable circumstances. The attempt to diagnose the causes of this discontent was what produced that greatest divergence of opinion. On one point only was there no cleavage; all agreed as to the extraordinary fear which had settled down upon both Hindu and Mahommedan, that the Government had at last determined on their forcible conversion to Christianity. The dwellers in the West, can, with great difficulty, understand and appreciate the extent to which fear colors the daily life of the population of the East. Their whole existence may be described as a continual search after somebody afraid of them, and avoidance of those of whom they are afraid.

It was this panic only, fostered, of course, by the priests of both communities, which produced the result hitherto looked upon as impossible, of their combination against the imaginary designs of the Christian. When this danger had been removed, the fear was directed against each other, and naturally led to the frightful anarchy which made the people sigh for that state of things which they had been so eager to upset. But a number of causes operated to produce the general result, and to create a political atmosphere in the country which favored the rash attempt. The most common opinions generally agreed on the following cardinal points.

POPULAR DISBELIEF IN THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

I. A most deplorable state of feeling had gradually been growing up among the people—that we no longer desired their welfare. This feeling had been strengthened by various events of recent date, and it had been the case for some years before, that any officer who had the welfare of the people much at heart, had not seemed to be popular with the Government, and had generally left the country early. It is true that in many cases these "pronative" officers acted far from judiciously, and their general conduct

was often such, that no absolute Government could possibly tolerate it. But these matters had little weight with the people, who merely drew the broad conclusion that their friends were not the friends of the powers that be.

DESPAIR OF THE EDUCATED CLASSES.

II. The educated classes had been gradually settling down to a belief which, while prejudicing them for the moment against the British personally, made them hopeless and desponding in regard to using their influence with the people on the side of law and order. "We are no longer," said they, "the leaders of the masses, and we do not know who these leaders are. Had you recognised us as intermediaries between yourselves and the people, and treated us with honor and distinction, we could have co-operated with you, and kept you in touch with popular feeling. But your treatment has isolated us, and driven us, in spite of ourselves, into opposition." They failed to see their own imperfect assimilation of Western ideas, and a certain antagonism between their interests and those of the masses, (naturally the first care of a benevolent Government,) constituted the main ingredients of difficulty. Their feelings culminated in a sort of despair of the results of higher education—the principal thing which had made this section of the community appreciate British rule. Deep down in the hearts of the subject races had always been the almost passionate desire for social equality with the members of the ruling race.

These aspirations, which, in their entirety belong to the most remote future, and almost to an impossible Utopia, had received a rude check in the case of those Indians who had been educated wholly or partially in England, and who might reasonably expect a certain amount of consideration. But these persons had found the door absolutely closed to them on returning to Indian shores, and as they had, in too many instances, alienated their own relations by their contempt of religious and social preju-

dices, they found themselves almost alone. In despair, they naturally congregated together, and indulged in dreams of an impossible future.

Shortly before the invasion, their dreams had begun to take the definite shape of looking to a Foreign Power for a new regime, as the educated classes became more and more impressed with their own powerlessness. Some actually took service under the Persian, Turkish or other Governments, but the majority remained at home, waiting upon events, and adding to the elements of danger already rife in the country.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

III. Again the whole course of events, of late years, had strengthened the belief, always latent in the hearts of the people, that we desired to pit Mahomedan against Hindu, now favoring one, now the other, to aggravate their differences, and to profit by their dissensions, instead of healing them. To a certain extent we had been obliged to utilise the religious rivalries of the governed, in the interests of good Government, and Oriental suspicions easily distorted this policy into an indefensible one.

RETROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION.

IV. All these feelings had been most strongly accentuated and strengthened by the retrogressive legislation; in which the Government, in the vain hope of stemming the rising tide of difficulties, had been indulging. The one thing which had kept the enlightened Indian faithful to our rule in the past, had been the feeling that with that rule, he at all events got light, freedom and education.

But the legislation of the past few years had trended all the other way.

GULF BETWEEN RULERS AND RULED.

The small measure of local self-government which had been accorded, and which, with all its defects, was most

valued as a means of political education, had been practically taken away, and higher education was as much discouraged as, in the face of public opinion in England, the Government dared to discourage it. Finally, the Press censorship had destroyed the only medium of communication between rulers and ruled, and the absence of such a medium had been the means of the most fertile crop of misunderstanding on both sides. The Government were doubtless sincere in believing that the people had had too much light—too much progress, and that in checking it they were really acting for their benefit. The black hopeless gulf, widening day by day, which divided them from those they had to govern, prevented them from seeing or understanding the harm they were doing. Meanwhile the people, never taken too much into the confidence of their rulers, but now more than ever outside it, taught to live more of a double life than, as Orientals they were naturally prone to, by repressive legislation, grew more and more suspicious every day, and the wildest rumors as to the intentions of the Government, were current even among fairly educated persons. The most dangerous of these rumors was of course, that of the forcible evangelisation of the country. Absurd as this idea was, on the face of it, contradicted by centuries of experience, and rejected, even by its own authors, when they saw, too late, what they had done, it nevertheless united followers of the rival religions as nothing else would have done, and gave rebellion the sanction of a Holy War.

OPPRESSIVE OFFICIALISM.

Another result of the growing gulf between rulers and ruled had been an increase in the power of the venal subordinate which was absolutely unbearable: this was fostered by a gradually decreasing knowledge of the vernacular in those who came out in the Imperial service, as English became more and more the language of the Public Offices.

REM QUOCUNQUE MODO!

VI. The ever increasing needs of the exchequer have a tendency to exasperate the taxpayer in every country. But the people of India had grown to believe that money which ought to have been spent on the development of the country, was squandered in military expeditions and trans-frontier charges, which, if necessary at all, should have been debited to Imperial revenues. On the death of our dear friend and ally of Afghanistan, it had of course been found necessary to engage in a new Afghan war, in order to seat on the throne a ruler supposed to be favorable to ourselves, and hostile to Russia. And then we deemed it politic to leave the country without a single mile of railway or of telegraph line made, and with absolutely nothing done in the interests of civilisation, and no *quid pro quo* whatever for the large sum we agreed to pay as subsidy. When, therefore, our new friend, as his predecessor had done, began to talk about India being a tributary dependency of Afghanistan, and of having *ordered* up a Brigade of British Troops to assist in quelling the disturbances organised by his rivals, the ignorant people of India swallowed down all this big talk, and became more and more convinced of the weakness of the Government.

Even they could have told us that a great Government should never take to payments to its enemies, unless under very special circumstances. A Robert Sandeman could, perhaps, do such work judiciously, but, before continuing his policy, it was necessary to find some Elisha on whom his mantle could be cast. The lessons of history could have taught our Statesmen that all great empires have given the first presage of decay by resorting to this practice. But how many Statesmen seem ever to benefit by the teaching of the past—do they study History at all, one is sometimes tempted to ask? Everyone *but* a statesman is supposed to need some training for his calling; but he to whom the destinies of millions of his fellow-creatures is confided,

has to train himself, to make them the *vilia corpora* of his experiments, and too often begins his work loaded with that bias, the absence of which is the first desideratum for his labor to be successful. Of course, the people, overtaxed in many ways, bitterly resented the spending of their money in these fruitless campaigns, and in the purchase of a deceitful friendship, the hollowness of which events demonstrated. But the cruellest result of the financial pressure was, that officers, otherwise sincerely desirous of doing justice and right, felt themselves insensibly constrained by the embarassments of the Government they served, to put on pressure in the collection of the State dues, when lenient treatment was what the situation demanded, and to decide doubtful cases in favor of Government, when the opposite was the right course to pursue. The Government could have stood the small loss of revenue—indeed would not have felt it, but it meant ruin to the poor tax-payer.

Officers in charge of stamp revenue acted as though the Government were desirous of increasing litigation in order to swell receipts under this head : Excise officers allowed their policy to incur the reproach of desiring to stimulate the consumption of intoxicants with a similar end ; and income-tax officers assessed the tax in defiance of the law, firm in the false belief, (to which unfortunately the acts of the Government lent too much color,) that their superior officers wanted money and not justice, and that they would certainly be promoted, if they could pay a large sum under this head, however obtained, into the State Treasury.

MILITARISM.

VII. The continued restlessness of the Military party was believed by the people to be not only largely unnecessary, but in great part got up for the sake of a career, and the chances of promotion and distinction. It was accompanied by what was regarded as an irritating pampering of Sikh and Gurkha ; these races, (the latter especially), being

regarded by the mass of the people as aliens, and their employment at all as an injury done to the sons of the soil. The people could not, of course, appreciate the principles of high Imperial policy, which made it indispensable for us to strengthen these bulwarks of our Empire : they had to learn, by the sharp lesson of the troubles to come, that their interests were absolutely bound up with our own. An additional grievance was furnished by the absence of a career for the native aristocracy—the impossibility of rising to the commissioned ranks in the British Army. This had been a source of heart-burning for many years, and the fertile cause of unfavourable comparisons being drawn between our rule and that of Russia. The prohibition, too, of volunteering was bitterly resented by the educated classes, as compelling them, as they said, to remain in a state of political emasculation.

RUIN OF INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES.

VIII. Grievances of totally different kind, but all tending to the same state of hopeless feeling, (*viz.*—that the Government did not desire the progress of the country,) must now be briefly noticed. The contact with Europe, and consequent demand for European, and especially English commodities, had led to the total extinction of many of the Native industries, and to the grave depression of a large number of the remainder. It need hardly be said that with the Party system of Government, the Indian authorities were powerless to protect the Indian trader by legislation. But of course, the Indian malcontent was as blind to what was to be said upon the other side, as the Government too often seemed to be to his point of view. Had there been any success in the attempt to establish technical schools, the feeling might not have got abroad that the deplorable result was desired or contemplated. But all efforts in this direction had hitherto failed of effect, and the evil remained unchecked and rampant.

WORRYING ADMINISTRATIVE FADS.

IX. Of late years there had been a great impetus to sanitation, and other matters of a worrying and irritating kind, under pressure from European governments, who were continually tracing various epidemic diseases to India. The work had been carried out in too many instances through the Police, whose objects, it is scarcely necessary to state, were widely different from those of their employers. A great-deal of discontent and irritation could be traced to this cause, and the results were infinitesimal, because the scheme had sought to penetrate beyond the great towns. In cities, the native inhabitants were, as a rule, sufficiently enlightened to value sanitation for its own sake, or at all events to recognise that if they elected to live in towns at all, they must conform to certain laws, which the residence of large numbers of human beings in close proximity, renders necessary in the common interests of all. But the attempt to carry out the same principles among the rural population, was foredoomed to failure, and even if it succeeded, the results could never have lasted without an enormous preventative Conservancy establishment, which no country could afford, and no sane Government would attempt to impose.

RUIN OF LANDED PROPRIETORS.

X. The agricultural problem had been every year becoming more and more complex: the ancient proprietary body had been almost driven from the country by the money lending community, and the young men of the more martial races had been emigrating in large numbers to native states, where they mostly took service in the Imperial Service Troops, or the Militia of the Feudatory Princes. Some of them became regular leaders of banditti, (or in the language of the country, Dacoits;) and often took revenge on the pusillanimous bankers who had ousted them from

their ancestral estates by force of law, under the covert protection of our own Police !

POLICE MALADMINISTRATION.

XI. Not only did the Police get up a political organisation which co-operated with the outside enemy, but their maladministration was a fertile cause of that popular discontent which so favored his aggression. For a long time past, the Government had been urged to reform their Police system, but had failed to do so. They appointed more than one commission for the purpose, but here again came in the unfortunate obstacle to useful inquiry presented by the popular lack of faith. The people did not believe that the Government really wished to change the system, and had a genuine terror of vengeance if they told the truth, and consequently the evidence given by the so-called independent witnesses was far too feeble to produce any results. No one dared to get up and say that the whole system was radically wrong, and that until it was changed root and branch, no amount of tinkering could possibly do any good. The Police of course went from bad to worse, with the general wave of deterioration which affected every branch of the Administration. Those who saw beneath the surface of things had told the authorities, over and over again, that the Force could have stamped out everything but accidental crime had they wished to do so, but that they kept it alive, and even stimulated and manufactured it, for their own benefit. But this was either not believed, or at least not acted upon, and nothing effective was done. At length the Police became absolutely fearless, as the various ineffectual attempts at reforming them, gave them the idea that the Government was either afraid or unwilling to do so. They had always been known to encourage outlawry for the sake of the credit and material rewards to be gained by occasionally capturing the leader of a gang, and they now took to doing this systematically. A show of opposition

had to be kept up, or their complicity would have been too patent. This was abundantly supplied by the continual squabbles between the Police and the outlaws, as to the division of the spoil.

It transpired afterwards that all this organised crime had been secretly fomented by Russian intrigue and Russian gold, and that it was all leading up to the final denouement. Those Police officers who did not keep gangs of outlaws in their pay, indemnified themselves by levying a fixed contribution on the villages under their charge. Regular settlements used to be made at the beginning of the year, in reference to the state and prospects of the crops, and other matters affecting the well-being of the Agricultural community. Whenever these things were reported, or their existence suggested to the authorities, they flatly refused to believe them. It was indeed so strange that such things could go on under British rule, that they might almost be excused for their incredulity.

Of the European Police officers most were too ignorant of the language, and too easily flattered by their subordinates to keep any effective check on their evil doings; too many were wire-pulled by some smart native officer, who got to be thought the "right hand man" and traded on that knowledge. Some few *did* know what was going on, but they were not listened to or believed, if they spoke, and they took refuge in despairing silence. When the invasion was actually planned, all this suddenly ceased, because the object was to keep things as quiet as possible, in view of the great political object to be accomplished. Even an observer so utterly ignorant of things Indian as Margaret Helmore could notice the remarkable calm which preceded the threatening storm.

HARDSHIPS OF REVENUE ADMINISTRATION.

XII. Besides the organisation for the suppression (?) of crime, which did so much to create the very evil it was

intended to check, our centralised system of Government necessitated the spreading broadcast over the land of what seemed to the revenue tax-payer a kind of twin net-work of oppression. Even in civilised England the punctual payment of State dues has to be safeguared by drastic legislative and administrative measures. In Asia the trouble is that the collecting establishment has an uneradicable tendency to regard the levy of blackmail as the primary object of official existence. This may help to explain how the collection of a demand, apparently light and reasonable, might nevertheless cause serious hardship. Instead of instituting a searching inquiry as to what additional burden blackmail actually did lay on the shoulders of the tax-payer, the subject was persistently ignored and evaded by the authorities, which of course made matters worse. The needs of the Treasury were always far ahead of the possibilities of payments into it. This was the trump card always ready to be played by the venal Revenue official. The poverty of the tax-payer was in general so real, that it was a tolerably safe promise to intervene, and protect him on these grounds, provided he agreed to pay the sum demanded for lenient treatment. The official in question had, in many cases, the power to interfere with the personal liberty of the tax-payer, to put him to many kinds of insult, injury and annoyance, and it was, in general, the safest way to comply with the demands. An appeal to the authorities would generally be ineffectual, because evidence could not be got under the prevailing terrorism. It is, of course, undoubtedly true, that in Asia one is always "between the devil and the deep sea," and that too much zeal in the reception of complaints, might have paralysed the collecting establishments, and caused serious interruption in the realisation of the revenue. The real remedy, the total abolition of "establishments," and subsitution of a system under which the tax-payer had to pay up promptly in his own interests, had to be brought about by the sharp lessons of the cataclysm.

INJUDICIOUS TREATMENT OF NATIVE PRINCES.

XIII. The growing disposition on the part of the Government of India to treat the native Princes like children, was another cause of popular discontent. The unsympathetic and overbearing conduct of some Political Agents had long been a subject of heart-burning, but with the new policy of repression, this evil grew infinitely worse than before, and took the irritating form, in some cases, of preventing the Chiefs from going to England. The idea of the prohibition, that of preventing the squandering of the revenues of the States in these journeys, was of course a good one, (though the Native Princes might have done some service by representing India in the House of Lords,) but the execution was tactless in the extreme. It was even whispered in some circles that the chiefs who had been refused leave to gratify their natural desire of paying homage in person to their Sovereign, could have told some unpleasant tales, and that this was the real reason for their detention. By their impatience of criticism, the Government laid themselves open to suspicions of this nature, and whether the charges were true or false, the effect upon the public was much the same.

ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENTARY CHECK ON INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

XIV. Whenever anything went wrong in the country, the last thing that occurred to the Government was that they might possibly be in the wrong themselves, and responsible for the trouble which had arisen. It was invariably put down to the fault of the people, and some new repressive legislation was usually the result, which only sowed the seeds of future trouble, if it did not aggravate

that of the present time. On the whole, the country seemed to miss the periodical parliamentary enquiry into Indian Administration which marked the renewal of the charter under "John Company," and which often brought to light, and cured abuses which would otherwise have evaded all reform.

Not only was the Indian Budget brought up before an almost empty House, at the fag end of the session, but Parliament had no real control, as the items were not included in "Supply." The popular party were, therefore, unable to obtain any effective hearing for their demands.

INCREASED EXPENSES OF LITIGATION.

XV. The Courts of Justice had been among the earliest of our Institutions to attract and content the people, but were daily becoming less popular, owing to the increase of crime, (for which of course, they were not responsible,) and the growin gand ruinous expenses connected with Civil litigation. So deeply had the idea of this costliness rooted itself in the minds of litigants, that a proverb had grown up among frequenters of the various tribunals, that the winner of a case was a loser, and the loser absolutely ruined! Worse still, critics of a pessimist turn of mind said that the Courts, and all the paraphernalia of the law, had turned an otherwise veracious people into a race of liars—men, truthful enough in their own homes getting to absolutely value a reputation for chicanery in our Courts. Some said that stamps and registration laws had taught those to commit crimes in reference to documents, who in old days would never have dreamed of repudiating a dirty scrap of paper bearing their own signature, however illegible. It is quite certain that the procedure of the Courts was becoming far too complex, and parole evidence, on an oath they did not consider binding, was most unsuitable for the Indian people.

MINOR GRIEVANCES.

XVI. The principal causes of popular discontent have now been enumerated, but it remains to tabulate a few minor grievances, which contributed to exacerbate public feeling. These were some Commissariat scandals, some hardships connected with Forest Administration, some highly injudicious prosecutions for "sedition," and the uncompromising, and almost hostile attitude of the Australasian and South African Governments toward native British Indian subjects, which all the protests of the Colonial Office seemed powerless to alter. All these matters, and numerous others not important enough to mention, were brought out into strong relief by the labors of the Royal Commission.

All the hitherto untapped sources of moderate native opinion were utilised, and a flood of light thrown upon the situation. For the first time in the history of the country, European and Asiatics were working together, to find out the naked truth about everything—to ascertain what had been the mistakes of the past, and how they could best be avoided for the future.

RACE ANIMOSITY.

XVII. The whole situation, of course, culminated in a tension of feeling between the two races which was almost unbearable. The tendency of the Government to attempt to strengthen its hands by legislation has been already noticed. The results were usually quite the reverse of those intended to be brought about: the administration was brought into contempt, and the dangerous section of the community was given an exaggerated idea of its own importance and power. The authorities could not be brought to see that the people were powerless in themselves, and that it was absolutely unnecessary to forge weapons against them, but that it was quite possible to exasperate them to such an extent by the policy of distrust, as to make their

attitude and conduct, on the occurrence of a political crisis, an extremely important and unpleasant factor in the situation.

Playing upon the mistrust and misapprehension of the people on the one hand, and the crass ignorance of what was going on beneath the surface on the other, the secret Police, who were rapidly becoming a power in the land, invented all sorts of rumors which were greedily sucked down, even by some of the more injudicious and less evenly balanced minds to be found among the personnel of the Administration. This gave a great impetus to an undignified system of espionage, the results of which were most deplorable. It was in vain for sincere well-wishers of the Empire to represent that it was unworthy of a great Government to give credit to rumors, much less to have them reported, and that there could be real secrecy in the matter unless the reports were in manuscript or cypher.

A climax was brought about by certain occurrences, which, at another time, would probably have excited little attention. Grave charges of outrage were made against some Europeans of a low type, whose contact with Asiatics at all is always to be regretted, as tending to throw discredit on the European name.

The Anglo-Indian and Native papers all over the country took the matter up with ominous eagerness, each taking opposite sides on the question of the *bona fides* of the accusation. The former contended that if such false charges were made, and allowed to go unpunished, it would be impossible for Europeans to live in the country at all. The Natives replied that if such acts were to go unpunished, their lives, property, and honor, would be absolutely without protection. In a moment of panic, and acting upon the evil counsels of the dominant section of their advisers, the Government decided upon prosecuting the Vernacular paper which had the most intemperate articles for sedition. The prosecution fell through, and in despair the authorities prepared, and hurried through the Legislature, a measure

of an extremely harsh and retrogressive nature. They would have given retrospective effect to this ill-advised law, and revived the abortive prosecution under it, had not the opposition encountered in Council preserved them from this crowning act of folly. Unfortunately they were not preserved from some more prosecutions under an obsolete statute, and from certain other acts savouring more of oriental absolutism than of enlightened British rule. It was even whispered that such a low depth had been reached, that a portion of the Vernacular Press had been "nobbled." At all events if the Government had desired to suppress wholesome criticism of its acts, it had succeeded *a merveille*. Europeans were, silent through shame, and Natives through fear, and it became extremely difficult to find out what was going on.

A sullen fear settled down upon the people.—"They kept silence even from good words"—they were afraid to have any wants lest they should be considered seditious, and to make complaints lest they should be imprisoned without trial as dangerous persons. All the natural outlets and safety-valves had been closed, and the poison, seething and working below the surface, began to be really dangerous. It was just at this juncture that the famous political organisation among the Police was started, and the events which we have been considering took place. It was possible to keep the whole plot a secret till the right moment had arrived for striking the blow, because the entire populace had been alienated from the Government, by the cumulative effect of all the above-mentioned causes, as *irritamenta malorum*.

There must always be some Nero to fiddle while Rome is burning! Never had the Viceregal Court at Simla, been so ostentatious—never had there been such apparent desire to magnify the "little brief authority," for the display of which there is so little field in England. Never had the soldier and his lady love tried to show so aggressively that they alone rule the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM

ARTHUR TOYNBEE, Esq., M.P.

TO

SIR PHILLIMORE DRACO, K.C.S.I.,

Legal Member of the Viceroy's Council in India.

I am getting on famously with my new party. We are going to set ourselves tooth and nail against the old ideas of disregarding the public opinion of Europe. We are going to recognise how impossible it is for any nation, as well as for any individual, to see things as they are, without learning how others see them, to view their own acts in the right light. We are also going uncompromisingly to oppose the fashion of branding as a radical the man who dares to see that his country is doing wrong. We are going to claim for ourselves to be the only party for a true *Conservative*—the Politician who desires to preserve or *Conserve*—the old time-honoured reputation of England for doing what is right at all costs—the party which loves its country too much to sit still and see it take a wrong course.

Public life is to be the same as private life—the relinquishment first of what is wrong, then of what is imaginary and unnecessary; finally the active prosecution of useful work. We are not to expect our work to be wholly successful, to recognise that the results of all human effort are complex: our aim is to discover what action or omission to act will bring about the largest proportion of good, with the smallest admixture of evil.

I am going to take up the Indian question on these lines.

The mention of India reminds me that my bride elect has written me a letter which makes me suspect she wishes to be released from our engagement.

I have been more upset by this than I could have believed—and I would have argued the point with her, but for another letter which I received, by the same post, from a man friend, which seemed to suit the situation exactly. The burden of his discourse was that it was impossible to argue with a woman. A woman is absolutely incapable of ratiocination—she is entirely governed by *impressions*. It is true her impressions are, as a rule, far more correct than a man's—but alter them! Oh! as soon try to recall and alter the past!

I shall, therefore, not attempt to influence her in any way. But I am sorry—I feel that this sweet nature in constant contact with mine would have been an influence for good, and might have been the means of helping me to cure my vices and failings. But I see she has found me out, and I am glad it has come thus early, for I should have been shocking her all day long, and if she felt there was no escape from it, the consequences might have been serious.

She is a bit too luxurious for me also—luxury is my abomination, and I could tolerate it with great difficulty even in her. How I *hate* the luxury of the age—beginning in the morning with the unnatural desire to eat and drink before you are out of bed—instead of waiting to meet the light and the fresh air, and to greet your work, and want perhaps two hours of it, to give you the least desire for creature comforts! Then the extra luncheon, the double dinner—the stuffing on sweets and liqueurs at afternoon tea, and the possible supper to crown the series of injustices to an ill-used stomach—the too rich food,—the sauces and unnecessary stimulants to jaded appetites! I have been coming much into contact with very young men, mere boys, lately, and have been much shocked at their ideas. It is pleasant and *manly*, (God save the mark!) to smoke and drink when you don't want to, and destroy your stomach, the principal organ of manliness, with poisons, and spoil your chance of doing good work on the morrow by sitting up too late! And the result—inability to work continuously

for more than an hour or so at anything—inability for physical exertion of prolonged or severe nature—in women altogether—in men without the stimulus of gambling, or competition for prizes. A walk of an hour tires them—these ladies, and these are to be the future mothers of the men who are to keep the Empire! Loss of marching power—this must be the first warning of dissolution! Oh men and women of England, of whatever station, who want to do something to safe-guard the Empire, keep up the power of walking, and dispense with luxury of all kinds—don't depend upon artifiicial means of locomotion—do things for yourselves, and shrink with horror from letting others do them for you. Do not make yourselves miserable by too high an estimate of what is due to you, and too low a standard of duty towards others—live simply, and eat only for strength, not for taste—give up artificial aids to appetite, and stimulants of all kinds! Be ready to bear fatigue and hunger, cold and heat, rain and wind, be independent of weather as well as of everything else, and don't be always thinking about your personal comfort! Then when you are called upon to suffer and endure for the Empire, you will not be called upon in vain.

* * * * *

Of course I had to break off to go down to the house, and on reading this over I see that, absorbed in personal matters, I have omitted to tell you anything about the extraordinary political crisis through which we are passing. Events have followed each other with such startling rapidity that it is almost impossible to keep pace with them. The German raid into South Africa, (when it seemed that Germany was going to join Russia against us,)—following the loss of India, the sudden peace—so absolutely unexpected and providential for us, the invitation to reconstruct our Empire in the East! It is almost too much for an average man to stand.

The developments of Home Politics have been equally startling: a political millennium seems to have set in, with

the sudden change from a state of things in which everything had to be compliment and praise, to one in which everybody is going about asking for criticism on their acts, instead of avoiding it like a kind of poison. To hear people talk you would imagine that Religion and Christianity, instead of being divorced from the highest department of human activity, are to permeate down to all lower departments from this highest one. The tradesman and the professional man are both to recognise that their interest is identical with, not antagonistic to that of their clients—the workman is to be always thinking how to do the best for the wages he is getting, and not shirking his time or his labour! It is a religious revival as much as anything, and best of all we are recognising what has been the great disease of the body politic,—the fertile cause of all our evils. "Because thou hatest to be reproved"! You don't want to hear where you are wrong, only to live in a fool's paradise as long as possible: just reversing the proper order of things—spoiling the purpose of your life—making yourself worse instead of better, for you cannot stand still—you cannot improve if you will not hear where you are wrong—it follows, therefore, that you must deteriorate. And then all the "Society" pulls and pressure seem swept away for the time, by this revival or political religion, and passionate desire to learn what is wrong, and put it right! The country is awaking to a keen sense of shame that any Englishman should receive bribes of any sort, either position, society advantages, or material things, and a real patriotic desire that the beloved name should speak to all the world of liberty, of justice, of high-mindedness, and high principle. No more of the hideous nightmare of the plutocracy putting on their pressure by money, and the masses by numbers—thus giving us a kakocracy, a Government by the worst.

The country is ripe for changes of all sorts: I am therefore sanguine of getting through some of my measures, although others must wait over indefinitely. In

the latter category are the franchise reforms: this does not matter so much now, because we are getting a healthy public opinion, whereas our public opinion before the catastrophe could not be so described, and our excessive deference to it did more harm than good. Now the majority, even without plurality of votes and an educational franchise, are on the right side. A limited concession of voting rights to women may be workable, but it will be on a strictly property basis. The consultative Colonial Council will be at least brought within the range of practical politics, and a measure for the more effective control of the criminal classes, will be actually introduced. I believe I shall secure the appointment of a man, as Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, who will do wonders for a Force, which with sympathetic treatment, might become the admiration of the whole world. He will get to know every man under him personally, and get them to help him in weeding out the black-sheep. Then they will commence their campaign against the criminal classes.

* * * * *

And now I must return to India: the great Debate is coming on in the House in a fortnight's time, and I am absorbed in the preparation of my speech. I am afraid I am getting up a purely radical kind of show, though I am not even now quite convinced that the Reformers are right, and that a return to our old systems of Administration with a larger employment of indigenous talent and lightened taxation, would not meet all requirements. But I quite think that a Royal Commission is a necessity, if only as a graceful acknowledgment of the invitation we have received, and we must be prepared for startling changes. Disputed points, however, will be thoroughly threshed out on the spot before anything is decided on, and I have reason to believe that most Editors will welcome any communication on Indian subjects, so that the subject will be thoroughly ventilated.

As I am not quite sure whether you are back from Siberia yet, and whether you will get papers or not on your journey Indiawards,—I send you this rough copy, of what I had at first intended to say: you will be amused by comparing it with what I actually did say! Of course I have had to alter a lot in deference to the opinions of the old parliamentary hands: I suppose the tirade was a little too strong for the country to stand, even in its repentant and humble mood. If the Commission is really appointed, I shall be glad of your opinion as to how we can help you, in its work, at home.

NOTES FOR SPEECH ON INDIAN INVITATION TO RE-OCCUPY THE COUNTRY.

SIR,

I want your permission, on this great historic occasion, to vary the traditional forms of debate in this House, and to speak as if I were addressing the whole of my countrymen. I want to say to them:—

You are gathered together to consider how you are to face at once a great national disaster, and a great national piece of good fortune. It is but a few months ago that your Empire might well be described as an "Empire in Tatters;" you had actually lost your possession of India, and it seemed as if South Africa would also be lost to you. Russia and Germany had combined against you, and your deceitful ally, the Amir of Afghanistan, of course threw in his lot with the invader of Hindustan. Instead, however, of dividing your Empire among themselves, your foes have quarrelled over the partition of the very first slice of it in Africa, and the simultaneous break up of the Dual Empire, so long held together by the personal influence of one man, has concentrated their attention on Europe. But before considering this wonderful piece of good fortune, (which has paralysed Russia's schemes in Asia,) let us see what has caused this fearful collapse on your side. I think it has been principally due to your failure to grasp this great

principle of government, *salus populi suprem a lex*, and its corollary, that the only administration which can suit local conditions is one both planned and carried out *by the people, for the people.* Instead of acting on these lines, you have attempted to rule your Colonies and Dependencies on a pre-conceived basis, imported like the wines and tinned meats that formed the principal articles of your diet, direct from Europe. The attempt was, in the case of India, certainly, a profound failure. Not outwardly, I admit—outwordly all seemed well.

The machine of Government worked smoothly, taxes were collected without much difficulty, and crime was not glaringly rampant! But the people were neither prosperous nor contented, and the seeds of trouble were sown. The real reason, the most potent cause of trouble, was that the system of rule which you introduced was not only exotic but vicious. Outwardly it did not appear so. In reports and Blue books, it assumed an almost Utopian perfection; but to those who saw the hidden workings, the way in which the machine touched the Governed, it was obvious that the incrustation of moral rust, so to speak which had been allowed to grow up in the old country, had come out to the Colonies and Dependencies in quantities as great or greater than at Home, and on an alien, a timorous and uncivilised population, they produced effects even more harmful than in the Mother Country.

Yes, my countrymen—you have allowed evils to creep in to that glorious constitution, which your ancestors have handed down to you to be the safe-guard of a "land of just and old renown where freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent." You have prostituted your opportunities to the desire of power and place. You have tinkered your constitution in order to pander to the foolish ideas of the Electorate, and behold the result! You have had a Government by the worst; all the evil and useless sections of Society who have obtained a vote, have more or less exercised a baleful influence on public life, and the harm done

has permeated the whole machinery. True, too, to your traditional character of self-complacency, you have refused to believe that anything could possibly be amiss, and when your faults and shortcomings have been pointed out to you by foreign critics, you have put down their strictures to jealousy, and refused to reap the benefits which might have accrued to you, had you been willing to listen to advice. Nor have you behaved better towards any of your own household who ventured to point out defects. *Theoretically*, willing to listen to criticism, you have shown yourselves practically utterly impatient of it, and critics have been crushed and covered with ridicule, or severely let alone, which is perhaps more than anything else the way to silence them. Anyone outside "the know"—not in the charmed circle, has been ignored and treated with silent contempt as if he were a Chinaman: whereas the restraining influence of this majority, which is nearly always on the right side, was just what was wanted to keep your public life straight. And I believe that did they *know* what goes on under the surface of things, this majority would insist upon making itself felt, and give the House a real "Mandate" or *command* to put Right first and Party and self interest into the background. But I must not allow myself to be carried off by my feelings into a digression. Your foreign and Colonial Policy has been largely vitiated by these feelings. Laden with the spoils of the Earth yourself, you have affected an inability to understand how anyone else can possibly desire such things for themselves, and sometimes seemed to think that Foreign Nations would naturally regard them as British perquisites.

This has occasionally led you into an inaction as foolish as the aggressive action, which previously obtained for you the spoils, was culpable. Almost worse in its effects than this extraordinary combination of prejudiced obstinacy with vacillation, has been that peculiar article of political creed which leads you to lose no opportunity of forcing your own constitution down the throats of other nations.

It might be all very well to do this, if you had allowed it to remain the pure constitution, which was handed down to you by your ancestors, though even were it intact, it might not seem the wonderful blessing to them that it does to you. But when it has been damaged and knocked about, in the blind scramble for votes, the fallacy of supposing it to be the panacea for all the ills that the body politic is heir to, in all climes, and under all conditions, is still more conspicuous and absurd. These evils have vitiated your general policy in South Africa. After the war proper was over, you had the opportunity of showing by a due sense of proportion, your determination to avoid the mistakes of the past. Instead of this, you have alternated between too severe and too lenient behaviour towards the Dutch population, and your worship of expediency has almost cost you the respect of a virile race—men who, whatever may be their faults, at all events know what they want, and make straight for the desired goal.

Thus you sowed afresh the seeds of race-hatred, which has culminated in the German raid, and the temporary collapse of your power in South Africa, which following so close upon the loss of India, has reduced your Empire to the lowest gasp of political life.

But it has pleased Almighty God to give you the chance of re-habilitation in both countries, by bringing about that extraordinary breach between Germany and Russia which has compelled these Powers to make peace with you, in order that their attention might be concentrated upon the great struggle for supremacy in South Eastern Europe, which is now to be fought out between them. The proposals for the future in South Africa will happily fall to worthier hands than mine, but I shall not be surprised if the general line of policy were much the same, because the time seems to have come for a universal rejection of all esoteric and bureaucratic Government, and the extension of the principles of representation to all peoples, even those who cannot be entrusted with self-government. Politicians

in general are not only agreed as to the principle of government *for the people through the people*, but are also in accord in thinking that the people must be consulted as to the best method of utilising indigenous talent. Political education is one of the duties of the ruler towards the ruled, who must be assisted, if need be, in appointing representatives. In fact one might almost say that if the people have no representatives, they must be compelled to create them. Such scandals as those of your Police Administration in India, would have been avoided if the Indian people had been thus consulted, through their representatives, as to the conditions under which their best men would have taken part in that Administration. This leads me naturally back to India.

You came to India at a peculiar time. The two first Moslem Monarchies of Delhi—which are often confounded together—had passed away, or practically passed away. The latter, or so-called "Mogal" Empire was in the throes of dissolution, under the attacks which the extraordinary Hindu revival under Sivaji launched against it. It started on its imagined career of aggrandisement under Aurangzib, (which was really a ride to the abyss,) with the object of uniting to the crown of Delhi all those independent Monarchies of the South into which the first Empire had broken up, such as Bijapur, Guzerat, Goleondur, Beder, and Burhanpur.

By pretending to assist the Emperor in this task, the Mahrattas aggrandised themselves at the expense of both parties and ensured the return of the Imperial armies to the North, carrying with them the seeds of the Empire's decay. You were strong and crafty enough to profit by this situation, and were able to play off Hindu against Mahomedan, and thus absorb the territories of both. I am wrong perhaps to use words in this connection which imply censure; for I most sincerely believe that most of the great statesmen who built up your Empire in the East, thought that they were consulting the truest interests of

the countries they absorbed, in annexing them to the British Dominions. And no doubt, at the particular time at which the annexation took place, this view was a correct one. Indeed, in some instances, your Statesmen might be, and have been reproached with timidity—they were said to be afraid of Empire and its responsibilities, and to have shrunk from undertaking them, when to do so was to imperil the interests of the populations concerned.

No doubt the Administration which you gave the Indians was infinitely better than those which it superseded; and compared with the Anarchy and mis-government which had preceded it, British rule presented a veritable paradise to the people to whom it was granted. But, unfortunately, unregenerate man has a tendency to grow weary of a Paradise, (by which I mean, not a garden of Eden, but a peaceful state of existence, in which the bare necessaries of life are guaranteed to him, in return for a moderate amount of ordinary labor,) and to sigh for wider fields for the exercise of his faculties.

This is specially the case where human energies are artificially directed into channels which they do not naturally seek. Along with our Administration, we had presented to the people of India a number of institutions which we *bona fide* believed would confer upon them the very greatest of blessings. Foremost among these was education. But unfortunately, we did not present to the Indian student, a system of education which fulfilled the legitimate promise of that word, and really drew out his latent faculties, or one which practically fitted him for the work of life. We only supplied a system of cram, or examination training, which might have been objected to as already tried and found wanting on our own shores. What the results of this so-called education were, have been so often spoken and written about, that further comment seems superfluous. I may summarise them by saying that, except for a very few really cultured persons, who have supplemented the teaching we supplied by the training

which we did not supply, nothing has been produced but an army of discontented, useless certificate-holders, on whom the mental *pabulum* which they have so liberally received has produced just the same effect as unlimited food upon a man weakened by a lengthened period of starvation, that is, acute intellectual indigestion.

Of course it has provided your Financial Department with a set of Mathematical scholars for clerks whom the world can scarcely equal, but a country cannot prosper with mathematicians alone. What you have forgotton is, that wealth should precede education. You must have a wealthy leisured class, if the higher branches of training are to be gone in for with profit. You should have devoted your whole energies to developing the material resources of the country, instead of, as it is to be feared you have been doing, killing them, (without of course meaning to do so,) by the unlimited new market, you found for your own commodities.

No doubt in the early days of your rule you scarcely noticed these things, and the people themselves, probably did not tell you, but you ought to have been watching very carefully, to see how these matters, which you knew, or ought to have known, form the real life-blood of a nation, were progressing. But you had given India an Administration which was growing more and more busy with useless things, so busy, and so bound up with red tape, that it was really unable to attend to these important matters. You might also have helped a growing country to prosper, by a certain amount of protection. But here Free Trade benefited your own industries, and I fear that you sheltered yourselves behind high-sounding platitudes, because of the consciousness of this benefit, more than for any other reason. Then there was justice on the last and most perfected English system. Here again red tape choked the benefits that might have been derived from pure justice, though I very much doubt whether the English system of jurisprudence was suited for Indian shores at

all. English justice depends upon the principle of human faith in human testimony, but when you have an absolute distrust in the testimony offered to you, how can the system work? How can the mill, built for such a very different kind of *grist*, turn out wholesome meal, when supplied with this vitiated stuff.

Not that the people of India are untruthful out of our Law-Courts, more than any other people. Oh the misery that you have caused to these poor Indians by the very doubtful gift of this English justice! The number of old estates gone to the money-lender or the parvenu—the number of old quarrels accentuated and perpetuated, which time might have healed, were it not for this baleful machinery which has aggravated them—the ruin of every sort which has followed in their train. And then an otherwise truthful people taught to swear falsely, and think it a proof of ability to repudiate a stamped and formal document, when originally the dirtiest scrap of paper, or a mere verbal contract was sure of the readiest recognition! And not the least deplorable result of all this has been, to spread the belief among the people that you desired to foster litigation for the sake of the revenue it brings in. Then in your excessive desire for money to meet the ever growing needs of the Exchequer, fostered by an impossibly elaborated system of Administration, and an ever-increasing tendency to make India pay for things more justly chargeable to Imperial Revenues, you have ruined whole districts by over-assessment, and all its attendant evils. And worse than this, you have, by your system of collection, prostrated even solvent and fairly assessed districts at the feet of a corrupt tax-gathering establishment, which lay like an octopus on the land, sucking out its life-blood, and paralysing its recuperative powers! You really wanted no such establishment. Had you indeed been less apparently tender hearted, assessed your revenue lightly and permanently, and then ruthlessly sold up the estate if the demand were not paid within a week of the date, you would have done incomparably

less harm to the land. For you would have freed it from the incubus of this currupt tax-gathering establishment, and that paralysing fear of the settlement officer which prevents the agricultural resources of the country being developed to their full extent. Only with due attention to the land question and a willingness to relinquish revenue if necessary, could famines be prevented. Again you have insisted upon having a mercenary army, have refused a career in your ranks to the youthful aristocracy of the country, and have seemed to favor some races unduly who could scarcely be considered natives of India—the Gurkha, the Afridi, and perhaps the Sikh.

The people could not appreciate the motives which made the latter policy almost imperative. They will now, I trust, be able to do so; they will certainly understand the debt of gratitude which India owes to the Sikh nation. Now what has been the result of all these measures? Not only has a wrong been done to the country by the want of a career for her sons, but you have imbued the population with the idea that you distrust them, and are trying to play off race against race, in order to rule with greater ease.

Then your Police have been a perpetual sore, and a perpetual scandal. Not that they are, all things considered, worse than the Police of any other nation. Most emphatically No! But the system under which you worked them was so vicious, that it could not fail to demoralise anybody. Instead of concentrating power and responsibility in the hands of a few highly paid officials, drawn from the aristocracy of the country, and giving them an honorable position which they would be loth to lose, you have divided the power among an infinite number of insufficiently paid men, recruited from the dregs of the people, armed with far too extensive powers, and all working against each other. At least it was so until the great catastrophe, and that showed you what might be expected when they co-operated in evil! Of course this want of co-operation effectually prevented any good resulting from this incubus of curruption, though

it might minimise the evil. The result was that this force created the very crime they were supposed to suppress, and supplemented their insufficient income by money drawn out of the sufferings of the people. I need not say that they crowned their misdoings by becoming the active instrument of the temporary overthrow of your rule. And while failing to protect her from the criminal classes, you worried the land with all sorts of new-fangled ideas, the utility of which she could not understand, until the people cried out that there was only vexation and exasperation, and no good to be got out of your Administration, and they began to sigh for a change of any sort—they could not be worse off, and might be better.

For they had forgotten the anarchy from which you had delivered them, and only saw that all possibility of a career was gone, and with it, the odor and color out of life. You had taken the sword from out of their hands—made them moustachioed women—destroyed their self-respect, and substituted for the manly warfare of sword, the still more pernicious warfare of the Courts of Law !

To all this evil you had added yet another, in allowing inferior Europeans to be in responsible positions, where they dragged the European name into dishonor. Finally you have showed the people you did not want them to make progress. When they got responsible posts in the Administration, when they started a newspaper, or even went in for sport, instead of rejoicing at their achievements you disparaged, or ridiculed, or even disapproved them. And, perhaps still worse than all, you tried to stifle every voice that cried to you of these evils, to close every safety-valve, which was the means of allowing the bad moral atmosphere engendered by these proceedings to evaporate, and, ostrich-like, to hide your head in a fool's paradise of deception so that you could silence for the moment the rumblings of the coming storm.

Englishmen—you have been tried in the balance and found wanting for your management of this great Depen-

dency, the destinies of which were placed in your hands by Almighty God. But in His infinite wisdom, the Ruler of the Universe has decreed that you shall have another chance, that you shall be given the opportunity of rehabilitating yourselves in His eyes and in those of the world. Do not throw away this golden opportunity, for you may be sure it will never return. While your foes are weakening themselves by internecine strife, the people of India have actually invited you to come back and govern them again—this time for their benefit, on better lines. Send out a Royal Commission at once, principally composed of men who know the country and its languages, to thoroughly discuss all details of Administration with the leaders of the people, and to frame a plan of Government which shall secure all the advantages of your rule, while avoiding all its evils. For there was so much of good in your rule, that on comparing it with what has superseded it, the people of the country have voluntarily asked for it back again. Establish it now, on the only secure basis of the popular voice, and it will never again be subject to upheaval. You see now, that those who told you that your rule was so good, that they wanted to see it better, were the real friends, and that the purveyors of undiluted encomiums, were only enemies in disguise. You are getting tired of that canker-worm in your national character the hatred of adverse criticism, masked liked Sir Fretful Plagiary's under the transparent pretence of being amused by it. You are going to love the truth, however unpalatable, and to recognise that the true patriot is not he who proclaims or thinks that everything English must be right, but he who cannot, will not rest while one wrong, however trivial, is perpetrated against any individual, or any section of humanity, under shadow of the sacred name of England.

If I have been too scathing in my denunciation of the wrongs you have unwittingly done to India, you must forgive me—it is only the purest patriotism—a deep, deep love of the dear old country, and her glorious reputation

of Redeemer of the wrongs of the world. There is no imputation on the personnel of the splendid service which has carried the *mens aequa in arduis* to the conduct of your business beyond the Arabian sea. Not one of these but has hated each individual wrong that has been described, and longed to cure it, and been unable to do so by reason of the crushing bands of the cast-iron system which had gradually grown up, through trying to apply too much theory, and not enquiring first whether the theories would practically work. One and all have striven with unutterable groanings of effort, to free themselves from these trammels, and recognised that they could not do so without a cataclysm. That cataclysm has now happened, and under what favorable circumstances for the Empire, no words can adequately paint. It is clear that Almighty God still vouchsafes His confidence to this country, and will once more confide the interests of Asia and of the world to our hands, if we are only willing to tear up the Mandrake from our national heart, and commit ourselves to His guidance for the future. Let your one and only question be "What is right?" Fellow countrymen! recognising that your failure has not been one of intention, India leaves her future in your hands, convinced that she will not again have to deplore the subordination of her interests to those of any other nation, and that you will pilot her to wealth, prosperity, enlightenment, and as we all hope, the beginning of a real national life.

CHAPTER XX.

REHABILITATION.

As British rule was re-established at the express invitation of the educated natives of India, the constitution introduced was of the most liberal kind. The separate Governships of Bombay and Madras were not revived. The Royal Commission which sat uninterruptedly in India for five years, before deciding some of the most fiercely disputed points connected with the future Administration of the country, came to the conclusion that there was no necessity for any local governments at all. The Government of India would be strengthened by the appointment of as many additional secretaries as necessary, but the great object was held to be to abolish all intermediaries between the local executive and the ruling body. The cardinal mistake of the old regime had been to worry the local officers with innumerable controlling agencies.

Each elemental administrative area would be complete in itself, and the "Administrator" as he was termed, instead of being styled Governor, Commissioner, or Magistrate, was his own Inspector General of Police, his own Board of Revenue, his own Director of Jails, Hospitals, Schools and the like. No departments or any kind were allowed, and it was decided that whenever special officers or experts were required, they would be appointed as Assistant Administrators, and the Chief of the Administration could employ them on any work besides their own speciality, if he chose to do so. As a rule the Administrations consisted of about 10 districts each, or two of the old Revenue Divisions, and the Administrators were expected to spend a certain portion of the summer at the old Headquarters of each, and they were allowed an officer

and staff also at each. The senior assistant, (for the Administrator was always to have two, qualified to take charge of the Administration at a moment's notice,) was usually to reside at the station left unoccupied by his Chief, and the latter had full discretion to make over the whole, or any portion of his work to him, if he thought proper to do so. The staff consisted of from twelve to twenty assistants, selected by a dual system of nomination and examination, simultaneously conducted in both England and India. But it was understood that no native of India could take charge of an Administration, unless he had resided for at least three years in a British University. For the training of this indigenous Civil Service a college was established in each of the Hill Stations, which had been used by the old local Governments, and the Government Houses, (intact in most cases,) were utilised as the nucleus of the buildings required. Candidates were selected by a similar system of combined nomination and examination, and after selection, had to choose one of the three branches of the service, Judicial, General executive, and Police. In the first instance the selected candidates were allowed to choose, in the order of their merit as shown by the examination, the Administration to which they were to be appointed, but in future it was understood that each Administrator would select his men from any college he pleased.

The Training Colleges had the powers of an University, and all candidates who matriculated were eligible for appointment to the Imperial Service as Assistant Administrators, and could rise, as above noted, to the highest positions in the service, provided they took their degrees at a British University, or resided at one for three years, in the event of their taking their degrees in India. Those who failed, were eligible for the subordinate service only, on passing a final examination.

There were to be, as a rule, regular Courts only in

about two or three places in each Administration, if the presence of a large Town demanded it, and not otherwise. These Courts would be presided over by as many Judges, as local conditions required, appointed in the first instance from among the Bar by election, and afterwards half from this source and half from the new Imperial Civil Service.

The Courts were to make it a rule to avoid, as far as possible, the trial of issues of fact, (cases of heinous crime only excepted,) otherwise than by local enquiry, or parole evidence given in the English language. The Assistant Judges were to be always on tour during the winter season, deciding cases on the spot, and any urgent ones at any time.

In the event of any serious criminal case occurring, one of the regular Judges had to proceed to the local office, which was always provided with living rooms for European Officers, to try it.

The parties to cases had to nominate any person they liked as a Commissioner for local enquiry, and in the event of their disagreeing, the Court would usually nominate one of the Pleaders. There was to be no appeal on issues of fact, unless an allegation of fraud, solemnly sworn before a Magistrate, were made. In this case the Government concerned itself with the Appeal, and paid the costs in the first instance. If the Appeal failed, the costs, which were very heavy, could be recovered, in a summary manner, from the person who had set the law in motion; and this amounted to such a heavy fine for frivolous objections to the finding of a commissioner for local enquiry, that experience showed they were very rarely made. If any doubts were thrown on the conduct of the local Commissioner by the appeal, the issue had to be tried again, costs to follow the event.

When an appeal succeeded, it was supposed to be followed by the criminal prosecution of the Commissioner, whose findings were impugned. If the Commis-

sioner was acquitted, or if for any reason he was not prosecuted, the Judge had still power to prohibit him from appearing within the precinct of a Government Court, for life or for any smaller term which he thought fit. An appeal lay, on all questions of law, to the High Court, a portion of which sat in Bombay, Calcutta, and Simla. For the disposal of all petty cases of every kind, the village Panchayats were revived, an appeal lying from their decisions to the Town Courts.

The Police were under the control of highly paid Commissioners, each having under his jurisdiction an area about as large as one of the old districts. He had the entire patronage of his jurisdiction, and was, in fact, legally entitled to appoint his own subordinates, of course from the Training College. He was entirely responsible for the Administration of his district, and could permit his subordinates to receive reports, and to enquire into cases of importance if the complainant desired enquiry. If, in any cases, he departed from the rule, and permitted enquiry against the wishes of the injured person, he had to record his reasons for the step. But all such enquiries were discouraged by the Administration, as the Police were supposed to be a preventive and not a detective service, and the cases which the itinerant Magistrate could not dispose of, were very few.

The landlords of each village were legally responsible to make good any loss sustained by any private person from crime committed within their estates, unless the Court trying the case especially exempted them. After a few years working of the system, crime was so infrequent that the Police had little but patrol work to do.

The entire staff of the Revenue subordinates, and the sub-collectors' offices were abolished. The Revenue being fixed in perpetuity at a moderate sum, it had, as a rule, to be paid in within a week of the time fixed and on default, the Administrator had the power to order the sale of the estate—no other system of "Collection," which had been

such a fruitful source of oppression at the hands of venal subordinates in old days, was allowed.

This was found to work excellently—the apparent harshness of the sale for default was kindness in disguise. Every proprietor got to recognise the Government charge on the estate, as a first charge, instead of one which he could defer till more urgent ones were settled, by bribing officials. All soils were classified, and rates per acre fixed for each, being in each case double the Government Revenue assessed upon the estate, which was also an average rate. No change was possible in either the Government Revenue or the rents, unless by award of the Arbitration Court for the trial of causes to which Government was a party in the first instance, and a decree of the Civil Court, assisted by a Jury of district Counsellors in the other. The land was absolutely inalienable to outsiders, except in case of sale for non-payment of the Government demand. Even here the local authorities were enjoined to endeavour to ensure the rights passing to a member of the same community, who lived on or near the estate. To such a person alone, could a conveyance of proprietary rights be made *inter vivos*. No tenant right of any sort was capable of transfer. This introduces us to two other changes in the Administration which must be briefly noted. The trial of cases against Government were taken away from the ordinary Civil Courts, and made over to a special Tribunal. To this Tribunal the Administrator could apply to enhance the Government Revenue on any specific area on the ground that the class of soil had changed since the settlement. Such applications on the part of the Government were, however, extremely rare, and not common in the case of landlords, who conversely, could also apply to have their revenues reduced on the same ground.

It was considered inadvisable, in an Oriental Country, to allow Government to be treated as an ordinary litigant, and the decisions of the special Court gave abundant

satisfaction, as the points at issue were always settled on the principle of Government yielding their point, whenever a reasonable doubt prevailed, as the stronger and more magnanimous party.

One reason why the special Tribunal had so little to do was that the Administrators were always on the lookout for over assessment, and desirous of correcting it, without any resort to the Court.

Causes between landlord and tenant were to be tried by a tribunal consisting of a jury of district counsellors presided over by a Judge of the regular Courts. The district Counsellors, (whom we shall consider farther on,) had the power of arbitrators in these cases, and would usually settle all disputed points, in which case, all that either party had to do was to apply to a Judge to have the award registered. But it was open to either party to apply to have the case tried in a regular way. As one of the principal grievances under the old regime had been the ever changing and intricate laws, which had been the ruin of so many litigants, no code of any sort was prescribed for these tribunals. A Committee of eminent lawyers drew up a Digest of principles and precedents, as far as materials for such a collection were available, which could be utilised by Presiding Officers who distrusted their own judgment. This practically guided the Courts during the early years of the new regime, and for the first time an attempt was made to unify the revenue law and procedure of the whole Peninsula. Whenever individual proprietors did not exist, their places were taken by the agricultural community acting through its Headman. The Government did not come into contact with the actual cultivator at all. Inside the Digest, so to speak, individual courts suited their procedure and principles of decision to local customs, and their decisions were supposed to be based on equity. But as time went on, a large body of case-law grew up, and nearly every point which could possibly arise between landlord and tenant

was settled in this way, by precedent, so that the Court had only to decide what points, if any, were new and peculiar to the case being tried. Issues of fact had of course to be tried in the usual way, by Commissioners for local enquiry, and on the spot. Each "Administration" published at the close of each year a kind of commentary on the Digest, showing to what extent its principles had been supplemented, or departed from, in deference to local custom. These commentaries supplied useful material for the amendment of the Digest as time went on, the object being to unify as far as possible the revenue law and procedure of the whole country. On the other hand the Civil Courts had codes of all sorts to guide them. Hindu and Mahommedan law were both codified, and a third code embodied the general civil law of the country, not applicable to these religions, which was of course followed when litigants were of different creeds or nationalities.

The business of the Courts was never in arrears, the large majority of cases being settled by Arbitration. Each Administration vied with its neighbour in trying how many cases it could dispose of without reference to a Court, and boasted of how few Judges it required.

Another instance of how the old principles of Administration had been reversed, was furnished by the use made of the Arbitrators and "District Counsellors", whom we must now consider more particularly. This body of "Notables" had been brought into existence when the Imperial Commission had been sitting for the settlement of the country. They were selected in each village by acclamation in most instances.

The entire body of adult males in the village, were collected together, and they were told to push forward the individual or individuals whom they selected to represent them. Sometimes even a little gentle force had to be used: the people had to be compelled to choose representatives, and these individuals had, *nolentes volentes* to submit to their own election! The selected ones nominated from

among their number those whom they considered most fit to sit on the District Council Board, but any question of difficulty was often referred to the entire body.

The Administrators were supposed to consult the Board on all questions of policy which affected the inner life of the people, and they settled the local taxation; which point will be referred to later on. As a matter of fact the member of the Viceregal Council who inspected the Administrations, came in time to make enquiries, in certain cases, from these men, as to the nature of the Government they were receiving. Nothing in the new scheme met with more opposition than this at first.

The Conservative papers, foreseeing the result, raised a furious outcry against such an arrangement. They prophesied that the whole Civil Service would mutiny, that it would be impossible to obtain men who would submit to such a degrading ordeal as an inquisitorial examination into their administration at the hands of these "Notables!" The event completely falsified these predictions. As a matter of fact it very rarely happened that such enquiries had to be made. Nearly every Administration published within its boundaries at least one influential newspaper. So completely was the former policy reversed, that whereas the vernacular press had been looked upon with half concealed dislike, under the old regime, with the present system of administration the Editor was rather a favored person than otherwise. The Government subscribed for a dozen copies of any paper which had any reputation at all, and distributed most of them within the Administration which produced the paper. Journalism was one of the recognised means of political education, and every effort was made to foster the indigenous Press, and to train it into adopting a lofty tone and standard. These Newspapers kept superior authority "au courant" with everything that went on, and as a rule there was no need for any other means of discovery. It was only when, as occasionally happened, the newspaper

made some unfounded charge against a local Administration that enquiry became necessary. In these cases the District Counsellors were usually the persons chosen to enquire from, and most useful were they. So far from the Administrators objecting to enquiries being made in this way, they usually urged the inspecting Counsellor to do so. The maxim on this point, as well as in the matter of the public press, was to court the fullest enquiry. Why, when what was right alone was aimed at, should any kind of enquiry be objected to or shrunk from ? In one particular, we may remark in passing, constant supervision of the work of the local Administrators had to be carried out by the Councillor in charge, He had to see that all co-operated one with another in the co-ercion of the criminal classes, either inducing them to adopt honest means of livelihood, or sending them to jail. It must be admitted that " Penal Settlements " were resorted to, and caused a good deal of scandal to so-called humanitarians at home. Hopelessly criminal tribes and individuals, were deported to certain districts, and having received a grant of land to cultivate, were surrounded by a cordon of Police, and not allowed to break bounds. The humanitarians said that the districts were unhealthy, and it is a regrettable fact that some wicked persons openly confessed to regarding this as matter for congratulation !

The District Counsellors were largely utilised by most Administrators in matters of local taxation and government. In the former kind of work they were invaluable ; the amount to be assessed on the district in income tax, and other direct imposts, was communicated to them, and they distributed it over the area under their control. They were also largely consulted in Excise Administration, and other indirect sources of revenue, and were most useful in safeguarding the dues of the State, while at the same time placing the interests of morality, and the general welfare of the people in their proper position. It was found all nonsense to think that they would not work—these District

Counsellors—they were proud of their position, and only too ready to work. They had never had a chance before under the old vicious system. Some were black sheep of course, or useless, but they were rendered powerless, or a negligable quantity by the good majority.

One other instance of the complete overthrow of old theories, was the absolute dethronement of the principle that increase of revenue was to be desired for its own sake. The theory was that the Administration would be accommodated to the income. As a matter of fact the Government revenue did really go up in extraordinary leaps and bounds, so great was the prosperity of the country under the new régime.

All indirect sources of revenue testified to the general progress—particularly that from railways which were springing up in every district with great rapidity. One of the privileges enjoyed by the District Counsellors, was that of volunteering, another instance of the change of policy. In fact not only was the general policy of Government to develop the people in every way, but, owing to the great slackness of public business, which a prosperous and contented country always shows, the Administrators had time for this benevolent work.

The great object was, to train the District Counsellors so that they might at some future date be fitted to sit in Parliaments. Representatives of the District Counsellors of two or three adjoining Administrations, had to meet the Legislative Council at some important place, in general the old capitals of the local Government, whenever any legislation had to be carried out. Some interesting work was thus afforded the Administrators, in the training of these men to give help in legislation. For two years previous to the legislation the subjects were proposed, commented on in the press, and formed the subject of conversation and debate. The District Counsellors of each Administration generally found out what their neighbour notables thought, and opportunities were given them at Agricultural Exhibi-

tions, and such like shows, to meet and discuss matters. These gatherings were considered most important as a means of bringing people together, and widening their grasp of ideas, and were not left to chance, as before: lectures and debates formed a leading feature in them. By discussions of this nature opinions were formed whenever a new law had to be passed, and its creation became a pleasant and easy task. It was confidently hoped that these assemblies would, as time went on, take more and more of a Parliamentary form. Another way in which the District Counsellors were utilised in the Administration was in unpaid work. The most common form of this co-operation was in the judicial service. Any District Counsellor who consented to sit regularly for a fixed period, generally two years, as the unpaid colleague of a regular Judge, would ordinarily receive judicial powers. Endeavours were always made to concede a superior social position to Indian gentlemen, who thus gave their services without remuneration to their country, and this made these honorary posts much valued.

All interference with foreign politics beyond the Border having been forbidden to the Government of India, the Viceroy had leisure to attend to matters which, under the old régime, would have fallen within the province of the local Governments. Two military colleges were established, one at Hyderabad, (for the Nizam's power was not restored,) and the other at Rawal Pindi. The native aristocracy sent their sons to these colleges, instead of allowing them to waste their time and health in debauchery or idleness. On attaining their majority in the native regiments, they generally received a commission to recruit and command a corps. These corps it was understood were to be brigaded with British Troops, but their social position was not pressed. A popular native Commandant might or might not be made an honorary member of an Officers' Mess, but the matter was left entirely to chance. On the whole the social question did not progress on all fours with

others. Europeans of a low class were kept out of India, as much as possible, without imitating the scandals of American and Australian legislation in regard to immigrants. This tended to raise the general status of English Society, and perhaps to make it more difficult for natives of India to enter.

The emoluments attached to the office of Administrator were very high, and this attracted, (as it was intended to do,) a very high class of Englishman to India. But this was not so much the reason of the want of progress in the matter, as a kind of recognition on the part of both races that their domestic customs were so different, that their social relations were bound to be somewhat uncomfortable. But it cannot be said that there was retrogression, because intellectual intercourse was much more frequent, and real co-operation in the work of Government. One of the most hopeful signs was that the *real heads* of Native Society, who had never come near European officers, began to pay them visits.

The scandals of the Commissariat were avoided by deputing Commissioned Officers to all duties giving an opening for corruption, and the system by which low Europeans had dragged the English name in the dust, was abolished.

The India Office was absolutely abolished. There remained still a Secretary of State, but his duties were so nominal as to make the office almost superfluous. He was merely the mouthpiece by which the decrees of Parliament were to be conveyed to the Viceregal Government. The lines on which the country was to be governed, had been laid down by Parliament itself: not by an ignorant Parliament, but by the very men who had resided in India for years, as members of the Imperial Commission. The only thing left to be done was to introduce representative Government, and this was so remote, that the time when a system had to be formulated to suit the peculiar needs of the country was practically lost in the vista of years. Short of actual representation, the system laid down was

the best that could possibly be devised for utilising all local talent to the full in the Administration, and inducing the public to be a real help to the Government.

No titles or rewards were obtainable by Indian gentlemen for anything else than honest, fearless, straighforward co-operation with the officers of Government in stimulating social reform, industrial progress and advancement of the country in all lines, or for continuous and honourable paid or unpaid co-operation in the administration. Money was plentiful for the needs of the State, now that the octopus-like suckers of the Departments were lopped off, and that the Army was mostly Volunteer. Expenses were so light that the Government Treasuries had no lack of rupees. They were always forthcoming as loans, on favorable terms, for anyone anxious to start an enterprise which had the object of developing the country. Innumerable companies were springing up in nearly every district for the reclamation and utilisation of waste land, for the higher farming of that already under tilth, and for the supply of every kind of article which had a consumption in the country. These enterprises gave useful employment, and stimulated the energies of all the rising young men of the country who did not like the Military or Civil Service. One of the most promising results of the work of the social reformers, had been the removal of the stigma hitherto resting on commerce in native society. Trade was now looked upon as absolutely honourable; the old caste prejudices in reference to certain kinds of manual labour were gradually dying out, and men were coming round to see that dishonorable personal conduct is the only thing which can bring disgrace. Without ignoring the principle that wealth should precede education, a certain amount of public money was spent on the higher education, and a proper system of scholarships made it possible to utilise the pauper intellect of the country.

CHAPTER XXI.

L'ENVOI.

Before the curtain rings down on the drama we have been contemplating, let us take a final glance at the surviving members of our *dramatis personæ*, whom a great occasion has gathered together once more, in the little church at Featherstone, where we first met most of them.

The Royal Commission for the re-establishment of settled Government in India had sat for some months in our hero's own District, where abundant evidence had been forthcoming, of the extraordinary oasis in the desert of disorder which it had presented. It was clear that if an equally sympathetic Administration had been found in even a minority of districts, a much more determined front might have been presented towards the forces of anarchy. But this is not the result of the visit, to a place where the Commission gathered a mass of valuable evidence, with which we are now concerned: it is a detail of pathetic and significant interest. A native Christian, in whom Julian had taken an especial interest, gave the most complete account of what had taken place, and he told a touching story of how his own life had been spared, as an act of special favor, and how he had been permitted to conduct the last solemn rites of the Church, over the remains of his beloved Master. The witness had not seen the actual tragedy, but Julian's corpse had been made over to his care. It was found that the body had been embalmed with extraordinary skill, and at the earnest request of his relatives, had been now transported to England to rest in the hallowed precincts that he had loved so well. The coffin was made of remarkably durable materials, and finished with peculiar care, and it was plain that the entire local talent had given of its best, to honor the remains of one whose life it was found impossible to preserve. His spirit was still supposed to haunt the place. At every

recurring lunar festival, the women brought little earthenware pots of oil, to burn under the sighing leaves of the *Ficus Religiosa*, beneath which he had been temporarily buried, in memory of the man who had died for his country and for India.

It had been impossible to withstand the general wish for a kind of memorial service, though several Sundays had elapsed since the sad consignment had reached England, to allow of the completion of a small tablet, distinguished, in deference to the wishes of the bereaved father, by the severest simplicity. The scene resembles in many details that which first introduced us to the principal members of the congregation, which now fills the little church to overflowing. The choir was singing Newman's wonderful Hymn; this and Chopin's Funeral March from the Quadrupal Sonata, had been Julian's two favorite musical compositions. It was impossible to omit either from the service, and the musicians had done their best to render the execution worthy of the occasion. As the last lines of the Hymn rang out in their mingled sadness and sweetness, an awed silence settled down on all present, and for some minutes the preacher remained motionless, absorbed in prayer.

It was but natural that the attention of all present should be concentrated on the occupant of the pulpit, whose identity will perhaps surprise us. It cannot be said that Mr. Helmore, for it was indeed he, had not aged somewhat, since we last saw him, although the limits of time which the extraordinary events we have been contemplating were comprised, are small compared with the importance of the incidents themselves.

The preacher however, had one of those countenances which, in repose, seem to preserve eternal youth, right up to the gates of the grave, because within was a mind in which passion had wrought no ravages. His nature, at once calm and intense, followed duty because inclination took him usually in the right direction, without the terrible struggle which it costs most people to make the wise

choice. Thus every feature showed that its owner was one, the energies of whose life were concentrated on noble aims, and whose thoughts were continually occupied with the things that are lovely, true and of good report.

The occasion was indeed a solemn one, and mingled feelings might be traced on the Vicar's expressive countenance. It was not indeed without a tremendous mental struggle, that he had consented to officiate at all, as the person whose death they were commemorating was his own son. It was only the determined refusal of everyone he had asked to take his place, which constrained him reluctantly to accept the inevitable. As he was speaking mostly to intimate friends, who knew his exceptional character, the ordeal was not quiet so trying, as it otherwise would have been. Mr. Helmore, however, had absolutely refused to listen to the proposal that the service should be held in another place, which, in the present temper of the nation, might easily have been arranged.

The fact that his sister and her husband had been the sole survivors of the great catastrophe, had concentrated all thoughts on Julian and his principles, which he was known to have attributed entirely to his father. In the midst of the national humiliation, it would have been refreshing to single out even one individual for thanks, that he "had not despaired of the Republic!" But our knowledge of the characters of both father and son will show us how impossible it would have been for the former to consent to anything like a public demonstration. But perhaps even he showed, in the very moral which he deduced from the subject, that the persistent advocacy of the *meliora* from the Featherstone pulpit, might have had some little effect in connection with the great change which had come over England, whose churches were now ringing with the cry of "Bring the Bible into politics—into commerce—into every department of human life." For he tried to show that no one however obscure, however lowly, but may have some duty to perform which "matters," not only to himself

and his neighbours, but to his country and even to the world.

But before we listen to the preacher's concluding words, let us glance around at those of his hearers whom we recognise. Harry Montague was there with his bride, on the eve of taking their departure for India, to take part in that reformed Administration in which he subsequently gained such marked distinction. The Secretary to the Commission had been invalided home, (for we had to anticipate the future a little in the last chapter,) and Harry had been offered and accepted the post.

Lady Hargrave had come down to the gathering in honor of the most celebrated of all the young men who had occasion to call her blessed, with some really good news. She was able to report that an influential committee had been formed to carry out Julian's pet project for London Philanthropic work, a huge dormitory, where the outcast of the streets could be sure of having at least some place to lay his weary head. The stone beds in the cubicles were to be curved into pillows, so that no bedclothes and no establishment would be required. Most of the big London Hotels had agreed to give their surplus food, for distribution as breakfast to the inmates on the following morning. All that was necessary was to tell off a Sergeant, and as many constables as were necessary, to see that order was preserved, and to report if either the bed or breakfast accommodation fell short of requirements.

There was one notable absentee. Arthur Toynbee had found it impossible to keep his promise of attendance, and perhaps his presence would have caused a little embarassment to some of the mourners. A summons from the King of Terrors was accountable for one other vacant place.

Mrs. Delamaine had not long survived her daughter; the shock of her tragic end had told so on her general health, that the specific mischief soon ripened to a head.

We must not forget young Eustace, who is another of our characters whose career we have been unable to follow, owing to the absorbing interest attaching to the rest,

Of all his hearers here was one to whom the Preacher's lesson applied, perhaps, with the greatest individual force. We are all of us apt to exclaim "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" but to the young guardsman's lot had fallen the greatest trial, in some ways of all. His military career had been ruined by the sequelae of typhoid, contracted during his first year of foreign service, and necessitating his almost immediate recall on sick leave. While his country had been needing the services of every man capable of bearing arms, he had been compelled to look on, trying to forget his bitter disappointment, by absorption in the routine duties of Depôt and Garrison life. What this means to an ardent soldier, on the threshold of a glorious career, no one but a soldier can tell. He had to join the two widowers in the rôle of spectator of actions which one can only influence indirectly, by the daily beauty of a life which can make each man a hero, even to his valet-de-chambre—to learn the great lesson indicated by the Poet when he sung :—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

To none of the congregation, therefore, did the words which follow appeal more forcibly than to him, so that our epilogue suits the living, as well as the dead partner in this "companionship" of twin souls, forced apart by adverse fate.

That the words were impersonal, was the fault of those who had forced Mr. Helmore to fill the extraordinary rôle of pronouncing a kind of funeral oration on his own son.

Only once did he refer directly to the deceased, and then he completely broke down, carrying almost the whole church with him—only for a few seconds though—and then the clear but solemn voice rang out again.

"Never perhaps has a nation had to pass through such a time of trial. When all communication between England and India was interrupted, it seemed as if the whole of our countrymen in the East had been exterminated. Great Britain reeled and quivered under the blow, but may we not say that even her bitterest enemies were asto-

ished at the calmness and fortitude with which she bore ? When the Siberian exiles began to return, we began o breathe again, things were evidently not so bad as we had feared, and the stories of heroism and devotion that reached us showed that the whole drama had been one long sermon on the text "noblesse oblige." Britain had been tried and not found wanting, and do not these two words give the keynote to the whole? We live in an age when the old patrician aristocracy of England is trembling before the storms of advancing democracy. But does not a lesson like this stultify and reprove all such fears? If we are true to the principles of *noblesse oblige* shall we ever cease to lead? But readiness to welcome the best in every rank of life is one of these principles, just as is magnanimity to the weak, hatred of falsehood and meanness, and ability to "endure hardness." Even our English sport, of which we are so justly proud, can teach us that if the other side is going to win, we must just play the losing game gracefully, and as a sportsman should. Yes! to "play the game" is a phrase which should not find a place only in the slang dictionary—it means so much, and to us who hate priggishness in all its forms, it just speaks straight to the heart.

What does it mean except to keep the *mens acqua in arduis*, to disarm fate by the right subjective attitude towards it, to be ready, aye for everything, and to accept it just straight from Him who sends it?

A great speaker has said that it is enough to make a grave man smile to hear Death spoken of as the Chief of Evils; but to all who love and enjoy their life, (and every healthy man and woman ought to do so,) it must always be one of the supreme trials. How to meet this trial has been shown us by all those who have fallen in this disastrous rebellion, and shall we not say by him whose tragic end we are commemorating to-day. He was so ready to die, but there were others to whom the command to lay down their life's sweet hopes caused many a bitter

pang. Some were starting on a career full of interest and joyful expectation in a new country full of everything to charm the eye and allure the mind—some were just bidden, so to speak to Love's feast, and about to take their seats in the banqueting Hall of Life, to enjoy all the sweets it had to offer in its long repast. Some had to leave those dearest to them on Earth—who depended upon them for all that made life worth having, and therefore perhaps their sacrifice was greater than his: and he would have been one of the last to have wished that they should pass unnoticed merely because circumstances had brought his own deeds into stronger relief.

We perhaps regard this chapter in our National History, at once full of horror and of exultation, in which the lurid light thrown by the gruesome scenes of carnage is relieved by all these splendid instances of heroism and patriotic devotion, with far different feelings. We are longing perhaps that we too may be called to participate in great deeds, looking on the dull stream of our uneventful lives, with discontent and impatience. We forget that the river of life is fed by all these little streams, and that the ocean would be nothing without its drops. We forget that it matters nothing what circumstances we have to meet, but only how we meet them. We all have to "keep the flag flying," and we all can gain the meed of "distinguished service," though no ribbons or bronzes glitter on our breasts.

Let us learn to dignify the commonplace and to find our way to Heaven in our daily life; it then will be no strange place to us, for we shall have been daily living there, in all but the "sober certainty of waking bliss," and the grave will be to us, only the gate and threshold of our own loved and long-expected Home."

THE END.

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